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SKETCHES
OF
GREEN MOUNTAIN LIFE;
WITH
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
THE AUTHOR.

BY MISS ELIZABETH ALLEN.

Mid mountains lofty, and low verdant dells,
Where nature in her mystic beauty dwells,
Truth points at vice, and warns her to depart,
While pity soothes the sad desponding heart.

LOWELL.
NATHANIEL L. DAYTON.
1846.

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P R E F A C E .

THE writer of these pages is peculiarly unfortunate. She has labored under every disadvantage, in regard to literary attainments, and makes no pretension to the *honors* of authorship. Her writings were penned for *self amusement*, and to while away the gloominess of *silence*, for she is entirely deaf. At an early age she was unfortunately deprived of that most essential blessing, the sense of hearing, which seems to have given to her after life, a tone of sadness.

The reader will not look for perfection, where the writer is unacquainted with a grammatical rule. Yet her productions are not without interest, and many passages are worthy of much commendation.

But let her productions speak their own merits. She has other claims. She is, as she has stated in her Autobiography, dependent upon her own exertions for a subsistence, and hopes through this means to share the sympathy of a benevolent public.

Miss Allen's writings have the advantage of being entirely original, with matter of fact foundation—scenes which she has witnessed with her own eye, and terms “sketches” of the life that she herself has lived.

The friend of humanity is invited to patronise her work, and if he does not find his reward in perusing its pages, as we believe that he will, he may derive an ample satisfaction from the consciousness of having imparted to the good of a fellow being. Let him also remember that reward is in the hands of Him, under whose eye a sparrow may not fall to the ground without notice. “He that received the *one* talent, went and hid it, and his master was wroth with him.” Let those who would improve the gifts that Providence has bestowed upon them, be encouraged to persevere.

THE PUBLISHER.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN writing an autobiography, I am actuated by advice. As my misfortunes must constitute its chief interest, it may be viewed by the vain and thoughtless as trifling ; but I would hope there are some, who possess mind and feeling sufficient to call forth sympathy for one whose hopes have been early wrecked, and whose days have been fated to sadness. To such I would dedicate this volume, hoping that charity may go hand in hand with sympathy.

I was born in the town of Craftsbury, Vermont, at a time when the place was new, there not being over one dozen inhabitants. My parents emigrated from Brookfield, Mass., and were among the first pioneers in Northern Vermont. We were surrounded by a vast tract of wilderness, which the Indian hunters claimed as "game land," and looked with an eye of jealousy upon those whom they deemed as en-

croaching upon *their* rights, and not unfrequently came to our door, filling us with consternation and dread, by their warlike array of rifle, tomahawk and scalping-knife.

We were denied all literary privileges—three months at a district school, taught in our own house, being all the advantage I ever enjoyed. I grew up the child of nature, companioned with the wild bird, the wild flower, and the wild mountain stream—which upon my vivid imagination left their deep impressions.

Providence had endowed me with a propensity, which disadvantages and crosses could not suppress. I became passionately fond of reading, and grasped at every thing that came in my reach; but to get possession of a *novel* was a supreme felicity, and I drank deep from the fountains of romance. In writing I had no instruction, but by a self effort succeeded in obtaining a running hand, by which I was led, in time, to maintain an extensive correspondence. But even here I was doomed to trial. I had no writing materials, and it was often the case that I resorted to a *carving-knife* to mend my pen, while my paper consisted of the blank side of an old letter—a leaf from a cast away account-book—and even a piece of *brown* paper, as many of my then correspondents can testify.

From these facts, together with the truth that my avocations were arduous, I am led in a measure to

a belief in *fatality*. That I was destined from the first, by my Creator, to suffer the misfortune that followed, and was thus by him endowed with a propensity, calculated to lead me to a preparation for its endurance—how can I doubt? I may add to my other discouragements, the fact that I was daily persecuted for deserting minor duties and amusements, in which others shared, for the purpose of stealing away to my books or pen.

I had been favored by nature with a fine voice for music, which I cultivated with good success, and at the age of eleven years, stood in the church choir. But it was my greater delight, to steal away into the deep recesses of the wild wood, and there, distant from any human ear, to pour forth my thrilling notes, and listen to their distant, reverberating echo.

About this time I commenced rhyming, and composed several little tragic love songs, which I sometimes sung to my associates, but received in return the accusation of plagiarism, which however did not disturb me in the least. My spirits had ever been light and buoyant, every object being viewed upon its *light* side. My days were passed in song and mirth, and my nights were gilded with pleasant dreams.

Thus passed my days, until I had numbered fifteen summers, when I was suddenly attacked with severe illness, which in the space of one short week entirely deprived me of the sense of hearing. To attempt to

portray my feelings upon this event, would be vain. The skill of a kind physician was doubly exerted, but after the lapse of a few weeks he was compelled to say my case was *hopeless*. From *that* hour, I date my melancholy history—my trials, and my never ceasing regret. To *live*, and yet no more to hear the “sweet music of sound,” was a thought that harrowed my inmost soul.

Grasping at a ray of hope, I have since twice submitted to the painful operation of having the tympanum, or drum of my ear, perforated, but it was attended with no effect. I was compelled to submit to the decree of Providence, and I would that I could say it was with meekness and resignation; but in vain have I sought the aid of philosophy to subdue my tears—in vain have taxed the powers of reason, to convince me that “whatever *is*, is right”—regret ceases not to wring forth the tear of anguish.

The deprivation of hearing is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall humanity. The deaf mute has no real conception of sound. He reads that there *is* such a thing—but to the remembrance of all its sweet variety of tones, and to the impressions they weave upon the senses, he is and *must be* a stranger. He feels no regret, for he has realized no loss. He is the link in the chain where *nature* placed him, and he acts accordingly. But when once the blessing of hearing has been enjoyed in full

perfection—when voices that we loved have fallen in sweet accents of friendship upon the ear—who can forget? who can cease to mourn? And who, when suffering the *embarrassments* attendant upon such a privation, together with the coldness and neglect which often fall to the lot of those who suffer misfortune, but must shrink like the sensitive plant, and yield his nerves to distress and trembling.

I have before stated, that I was at an early age led to the composition of songs—and after the loss of hearing, I frequently sought diversion by “courting the Muses,” and in the course of a few years, my fugitive pieces had accumulated to such an extent, that I was advised, by a few benevolent gentlemen, to arrange them for a little volume; and accordingly, in 1831, they were published, by the title of “The Silent Harp.” Though very deficient in many respects, and bearing a melancholy tone—yet they succeeded in a measure, since which, with a revision and enlargement, they have passed through a second edition, from which I derived some benefit.

Through the indulgence of kind friends, I have been privileged with travelling, to a considerable extent. In 1833, I set out upon a western tour—during which I had the gratification of visiting many places of deep interest. I rode on the waters of the Northern and Erie Canals, through their whole extent—and witnessed the surprising genius and perseverance of the great DeWitt Clinton—whose name

once so conspicuous, is now sinking to forgetfulness by the later invention of the speedy railway. I passed a few weeks in the village of Geneva, where I was delighted with a view of the sweetest of America's lakes, Seneca—the waters of which appeared as pure and holy as those of the imagined fountain of Castalia, from whose brink poets took an inspiring draught.

Rochester was next my place of transient location, where I was privileged many times with sitting upon a ledge at the top of the sweet and romantic falls of the Genessee river, where I imbibed feelings of admiration never before realized. The hand of nature must have foregone its apprenticeship, when it sketched this design and finished it in a manner so complete.

From thence, I found myself on the way to the great lion of America—even the Falls of Niagara; and when I approached its vicinity, and saw the beautiful rainbows that marked its location, my heart throbbed with intense emotions. A few minutes more, and I was standing in an elevated piazza, with the sublime wonder before my eyes, and truly, if ever one might feel the littleness of mortal man, and own himself a *mite* in the scale of existence, it must be when viewing this mighty work of the great and supreme Jehovah. I remained at this place three days, viewing the falls from every accessible position, and entered the cottage of the “Hermit of Goat

Island," where the disappointed Francis Abbott passed years in lonely seclusion, declining all human intercourse.

My course was next up the Niagara River, to the city of Buffalo, where I went on board the steamboat North America, bound to Detroit, and braved the dark and threatening billows of Lake Erie. A deviating course led us up the Maumee River, to the town of Toledo, but the sickly appearance of the place, with its parched and crumbling soil, and waters so impure that nature itself rejected them, caused me to rejoice when we turned to retrace our way; and finally at last were wafted upon the bosom of the Detroit River to its noble and aspiring city, where I passed several days in viewing its curiosities. Here, while in the harbor, I witnessed a tremendous thunderstorm—in the midst of which a schooner was driven by the force of the winds into our vessel, her prow coming fifteen feet upon the middle deck and producing an astounding crash. No lives, however, were lost, and after a two days' repairing, we were again on our way down the lake; but before we had attained its mid-way, we were assailed with high winds, which induced our captain to tack about and take shelter under the cover of Put in Bay Island, where we lay quietly during the night—but in the morning it was discovered that by means of the high surge we had become grounded, where we remained in a helpless condition during

the day. In this situation the mind turned to reflection, and fancy presented to our view the fleet of the gallant Com. Perry, which once lay anchored at that identical spot, with hearts on board throbbing with very different emotions from those by which ours were moved.

Released at length from our desponding situation, we proceeded to Huron, where I went on shore and stepped into a stage for Oberlin—celebrated as the seat of a manual-labor, or “black and white” College. Here I passed eight weeks, and was introduced to Mr. Shipherd, its founder, and two thirds of the three hundred students, then members of the institute, many of whom were females. Although there was much to interest, and its influence was apparently upon the side of virtue and improvement, yet I could not but think that it partook somewhat of the famous “blue laws” that once characterized our own New England Connecticut.

From this place I proceeded to Kirtland, the then location of the Mormons, where I entered their splendid temple and saw their prophet, Joe Smith, surrounded by his deluded followers. In person and manners, he would better have answered to the character of a “Davy Crocket,” than to the leader of a band who professed to be followers of the Saviour of mankind. But sickening at the scene, I soon left, and proceeded by the way of Painesville and Conneaut, to Buffalo, where I took a seat for

Lewistown. Here, upon the heights of Queenston opposite, stood the stupendous monument of Brock, which I visited, and then went on board the steamer "Great Britain," bound over lake Ontario. Stopped a few days at the hospitable mansion of Judge Fisher at Oswego—proceeded to Sackett's Harbor, and finally landed at Ogdensburgh, where I was happy to find my friends and once more enjoy the blessings of tranquillity.

I have given but a simple outline of this tour, and if it may be deemed *digression*, I ask the indulgence of my readers, and must add, that greatly as I was amused and diverted by the variety of scene through which I passed, yet the thought that I was but a *solitary pilgrim*—cut off from all verbal associations, was ever impressed with its melancholy truth upon my mind and feelings.

I would not repine at the dealings of Providence, feeling sensible that I have many blessings still to enjoy ; but I would impress upon the minds of my readers, how much our enjoyment in life may depend upon one single sense—as when a disease fastens upon a *part* of the human system, the *whole* is made to sympathise and suffer.

Upon returning again to the place of my nativity, I found my "homestead" vacant. My parents, in consequence of the infirmities of age, had disposed of their pleasant abode, and gone to a distance to reside with a daughter. This to me was heart-

sickening—a blow that I could hardly support. Left upon the “world’s wide waste,” without a shelter from its pitiless storms, I recoiled at the thought. From that time I have been unsettled—a few months here, and a few months there, has but added to the weight of the misfortunes by which I was previously oppressed. At length my parents have both sunk to the silence of the grave—sisters and brothers are removed to a distance, and I have been left to an entire self-dependence, which, together with a broken constitution and a nervous debility, renders my situation unpleasant. Yet I can say, “Hitherto hath the Lord helped me,” and I would still confide in his goodness and mercy.

Through all my various trials and afflictions, I have ever been blessed with kind and indulgent friends, which has excited my heart to continual gratitude. Indeed, when I sum up the numerous and peculiar obligations under which I have been placed, and think of the kindness and sympathy with which I have been treated, wherever located, I feel that I have but little cause to despond or complain; and to all who have in this manner sought to alleviate my sorrows, I here tender my thanks, with a most fervent prayer to Heaven for their everlasting good.

One great source of my mental sufferings must be attributed to a peculiar sensibility, which is in fact a part of my nature and being, and which

unfits me for the endurance of things that must inevitably fall to the lot of the *unfortunate dependent*. An unharmonious word—an action—or even a look, can agitate the whole system, and throw its life chords into a tremor of distress. Often, in the bitterness of my anguish, have I been led to exclaim, “Oh why had not apathy—cold enduring apathy, been mine.”

This sensibility is now called into action, while presenting these my productions to the public. The eye of the critic, and the sneer of the scorner, have their influence in causing me to hesitate and tremble. But I would say at once, that of the *rules* of grammar I have no knowledge—and make no pretensions to correctness, sublimity, or beauty in the construction of my writings—but such as they are, they are submitted. If accepted, I shall be remunerated for my anxieties ; if otherwise, it may augment the bitterness of that cup from which I have long been fated to drink. Reader, wilt thou bid me “Hope on ! hope ever ! ! ”

GREEN MOUNTAIN LIFE.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN, OR "THE LONE LITTLE COT."

"A lovely form, in robes of light,
"Came gliding o'er his raptured sight,
"Fresh garlands 'mid her tresses glow'd,
"And from her tongue sweet music flow'd."

It was one fine moonlight evening, in September, when Capt. Sumner took his accustomed, contemplative walk upon the banks of the silvery flowing Connecticut. He had proceeded some distance, with his eyes fixed upon the moon, and in a deep reverie, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a slow, deep-drawn sigh. Turning around, he beheld, seated upon the margin of the stream, Col. Lovell, his earliest, best, and dearest friend. There was a wildness in his look, which greatly surprised and alarmed Capt. S. After surveying him a few moments, he

advanced, and tapping him on the shoulder, "Friend Lovell," said he, "what strange spell has bound you to this melancholy spot, at so late an hour?" He started, and rising, presented a trembling hand. He then took the arm of his friend and moved forward in silence. "As you value my happiness," continued the Captain, "I conjure you to tell me the cause of this mysterious change in your manner and deportment." "Alas!" said the Col., while tears streamed from his eyes, "know you not that I am ruined, irrecoverably ruined? I have 'stricken my hand with a stranger'—he has absconded, and all his numerous debts have devolved upon me;—it will take my all. And—oh, Sumner, my family—my poor helpless family, what will become of them?" "But have you not been deceived," said the Captain, "has not your imagination presented these things in an illusive or mistaken light?" "Alas! no, my friend—the officers have already seized my effects, and even the wardrobe of my wife has not escaped their unmerciful grasp. I repaired to that stream for the purpose of seeking forgetfulness beneath its wave; but, just as I was on the point of executing my design, an idea suddenly rushed upon my brain, which was immediately adopted into a resolution. Yes, my dear friend Sumner, I have resolved upon leaving this place forever, and with my family to retire to some of the wilds in Vermont,

where the finger of scorn and the smile of contempt may never reach us.”

Capt. Sumner felt himself quite overcome with the afflictions of his friend ; and had riches been at his disposal, would instantly have given the half for his relief. But, though poor in worldly substance, he was, nevertheless, rich in all the noble qualities of the mind. He led his afflicted friend to his own door, pressed his hand affectionately to his bosom, then raising his eyes to Heaven, seemed to invoke comfort and assistance, where it was not in *his* power to bestow it.

Col. Lovell had been an officer in the revolutionary army. He had suffered various toils and privations, yet never, till now, had his courageous heart yielded to the vicissitudes of life. He married his cousin, Miss Mary Lovell, a young lady of superior worth and endowments. They had each inherited from their deceased parents, a handsome estate, which, together with his success in business, placed them on a level with the most opulent. He possessed a noble philanthropic heart, ever open to the calls of humanity, which characteristic trait, opened the way to his threshold for numerous sons of mischance ; which, imperceptibly, diminished his income, and finally eventuated in his ruin.

They were blessed with five lovely, promising children, whom they endeavored to educate according to their rank and expectations in life. Lucilla, their

only surviving daughter, was, at the age of twelve, sent to a boarding-school in Boston, where she had continued three years. She was then suddenly recalled; and what were the emotions of her heart, when informed it was for the purpose of bidding an eternal farewell to the dear scenes of her childhood. The story of their misfortunes fell like a thunder-clap upon her hitherto gay and sorrowless heart, and she wept in the bitterness of extreme anguish. Accustomed from infancy to all the indulgences which affluence can bestow, she knew not how to assimilate herself to the manners of the peasant maid.

Yet this was not the cause of her deepest sorrow. There was a feeling that entered still deeper into the recesses of her sensible heart. The sufferings of her parents—how could she endure to see them in the decline of life, deprived of necessary comforts. From infancy she had manifested a peculiar affection for them, and her whole existence seemed to depend upon their smiles. Her constitution was naturally delicate, which gave to a transparent complexion a lily whiteness. Her eyes were black and over her shoulders fell a profusion of auburn tresses, which with a countenance remarkably expressive, and a faultless form, could not fail to render her very beautiful. She was then just entering her sixteenth year, the time of life when hope buds profusely for its gayest blossoms.

Col. Lovell, according to his resolution, set out,

immediately, in search of his intended retirement. In the northwestern part of Vermont, he entered a mountainous township, without inhabitants, save the wild beasts of the forest, and there he selected a spot. To the lover of nature, it was beautifully situated. It was a gentle declivity upon the side of a mountain, and was crowned with sugar-maple, beech, birch, and the aspiring fir tree. It also presented a singular and most romantic landscape. To the eastward might be seen numerous little villages, with their rising church spires, which, however, were separated from the beholder, by a seemingly impassable gulf between. The south presented the head of a nameless mount, which appeared as if placed as a barrier to all intercourse with that section of the world. The west was one immense forest, raising their heads one above the other as in imitation of the human race, while the northern view rested upon a large blue sheet of water extending beyond the ocular reach.

A murmuring rivulet passed through this charming spot, by the side of which Col. L. commenced erecting a cottage with his own hands. It was composed of the rude forest trees, bereft of their branches, and placed one above the other, in imitation of the little urchin's "*cob palace*."

The following spring found him with his beloved family tenants of the "Lone little Cot." There was not a human dwelling for many miles around, though

a public road had been surveyed, and partially cut through the forest, which passed directly by their door.

Lucilla was at first quite appalled at the striking contrast between this and her former situation. In a rude cot—in a wild wood—not a human dwelling in view—had it not been for the presence of her parents and brothers, she might have inhaled the doctrine of *transmigration*, and imagined herself a cotemporary being with the wild animals around her. But this ideal mania soon subsided, and she began to manifest an interest in the surrounding scenery. She had, while at school, manifested a peculiar taste for the study of Natural Philosophy, which she had pursued in advance of every other science. It was now of the greatest advantage to her, in diverting her mind from gay and fashionable amusements, yet there were scenes which she could not banish from memory. The companions of her childhood, the more recent and dearer ties of friendship formed at the seminary, rushed upon her feelings with irresistible force, till the silent tear flowed profusely; yet would she never permit her parents to witness her weakness, but, stealing away, she followed the windings of the brook, or listened to the songs of the warblers above her head, till her own soul vented its feelings in plaintive harmony. Birds listened in turn, while she sung,—

"I have an eye that sees, a heart that feels
"The charms which nature throws o'er lawn and lea,
"Yet o'er my breast a frequent sadness steals
"To think how far I roam from home and thee."

Mrs. Lovell, from the time they entered the cottage, began to droop and decline. The mountainous air was too severe for a constitution which had been nursed upon the mild breezes of the Connecticut. She was seized with a nervous affection, which in a few months confined her to her bed. This was a source of intense grief to Lucilla, who attended upon her with all the assiduity of the most devoted nurse. She ranged the surrounding wood in search of aromatic or stimulative herbs, which she prepared with a skillful hand.

Thus passed the two first years of their voluntary exile. Stern winter, with its cheerless gloom, had again passed away, and smiling spring was adorning her mountain scenes in new and lovely robes. The only society Lucilla had met, out of their own little affectionate and ever harmonious circle, was the passing traveller, who, wearied with climbing the adjacent mountain, called frequently at the cottage, for rest or refreshment, where he was ever welcomed with a cordial reception, while the best the house afforded was set before him; and it was only when his curiosity prompted him to inquire into their history or native place that he felt himself reproached by silence.

It was about the middle of May, when, one evening just before sunset, a dark cloud was observed rising in the west, accompanied by flashes of lightning. Soon the slow, heavy, rolling thunder was heard. It called forth gloomy feelings. The inmates of the cottage surrounded the bed of the languishing sufferer, where a corresponding sympathy beamed in every eye. The wind rushed furiously against the dwelling, and the rain began to descend in torrents. Lucilla suddenly started from her seat. "Papa," said she, "I heard a human voice as if from some one in distress." "No my dear," he replied, "it must have been the wind as it assailed some previously wrenched or half dislocated tree." She reseated herself, and they all sat in listening silence, when a loud rap was heard at the door. Col. Lovell hastened to open it, when a young gentleman, apparently in a bewildered state, entered the room. "For Heaven's sake," said he, "take pity on a forlorn stranger." They all rose up, as he pronounced this ejaculation, and volunteered their services. His coat was streaming with water, which Lucilla requested him to throw off. At the sound of her voice, he started, gazed upon her a moment, and exclaimed, "Where am I? Is it a dream, or am I really in a wild wood cottage?" His nerves were so tremulous, from sudden excitement, that they found it necessary to lead him immediately to a bed, where, after administering a cup of tea, they gave

him a few drops of laudanum, which soon composed him into a gentle slumber, from which he did not awake till morning.

It was Frederick Taft, a young gentleman of fortune from New York, who, upon finding his health in a declining state, had sought a more northern climate, as a restorative. Having an uncle residing in Vermont, he repaired to his dwelling, where, after spending a few weeks, he resolved upon exploring the adjacent mountains, both for the purpose of invigorating his constitution and viewing a scene, to him, so entirely new.

The "Lone little Cot" upon the mountain had become quite famous in the vicinity around, as a convenience to the traveller; but little was known of its occupants, save that they were a very obliging people. Consequently, it was quite a matter of indifference to Frederick, and excepting the idea that it might afford him a shelter for the night, he thought no more about it, and proceeded on in the direction of the mountain. Amusing himself with each curiosity that came in his way, he was unconscious of the hasty lapse of time, till he discovered it was near night-fall. He then quickened his pace, in the hope of being near the cottage. But his ear was suddenly arrested by the sound of distant thunder, and in spite of his greatest efforts to elude the storm, he was overtaken. Gloomy darkness first settled around him, but the scene was soon reversed. The vivid blaze of

the terrific lightning—the awfulness of the deafening thunderclap, with its solemn echo upon the surrounding mountains—the wind, howling tremendously in the tops of the forest trees—all conspired to bewilder his senses, and, dismounting from his horse, he dropped the rein, and with a loud cry of terror rushed forward, unconscious of the course he was pursuing, when he fortunately caught a glimpse of the lamp at the cottage window.

Upon rising in the morning he withdrew the curtain, which alone separated him from the family, and with an animated smile, gave the compliment “good morning.” Lucilla eagerly inquired how he had rested, and if he felt himself refreshed; to which he replied, “My rest has been sound and sweet, and I never felt so truly happy in my life as at the present moment.”

The breakfast equipage was soon in readiness, and Lucilla presided over their simple repast with the same ease and politeness as if she had been in their former elegant mansion, surrounded with all the superfluities to which she had been accustomed. This did not escape the observation of Frederick, whose countenance denoted a surprising interest in all he saw or heard. Rising from the table he said, rather archly, “Miss Lovell, this is a most delightful morning,—will you not be kind enough to accompany me into your flower garden?” “O yes,” she replied, with cheerfulness, “yet you must not

expect me to accompany you through the whole dimension, as it is very large, and would require more time than my domestic avocations will admit to point out to you all its various plants and flowers. "Indeed! and pray, madam, by what means do you cultivate such a vast garden? Do you keep a gardener?" "O yes,—Dame Nature takes all care from me in that department, and dresses every thing after her own taste, in the most interesting manner." "Then you have really been imposing upon me," said he smilingly. "No sir, by no means; there is nothing in art, to my view, to be compared with nature, in beauty and sublimity. The nicely cultivated garden may charm for a while, but it soon loses its variety, and consequently its interest, while a ramble in this wild wood is ever presenting some new plant or flower to excite my admiration; and besides they bloom in the shade, and wither not from the too frequent touch of the vulgar throng." "But, Miss Lovell, you will acknowledge that an intercourse with the literary, at least, not to say *fashionable* world, is indispensably necessary to qualify a mind for the enjoyment of rural nature like this."—Lucilla blushed and was silent.

It was from such discourses as this, that Frederick discovered what a rare flower was blooming in that lonely wild, and he resolved to discover its origin and native soil. Accordingly, he requested permission to

spend a week, as he said, to improve his health, which was cheerfully complied with.

During this time, while he was artfully endeavoring to study a character, in which he felt himself so deeply interested, his own was gradually developing, for it was a no less discriminating eye that watched the movements of his own soul. He was truly an amiable being, tender and affectionate. There was a frank sincerity in his disposition which could not be mistaken; but he was gay and of a lively turn, inclining to volatility, which unfitted him for "nature's devotee." Nevertheless, he saw and felt a charm, in scenes

"So modest and so lovely."

Yet it did not leave its deep and lasting impression upon his senses, but was succeeded by the opposite charm of the splendid ball, or the elegant pleasure party.

"How frequently the living passages

"Of nature's book are opened, and how few

"Are the high hearts that know them, and can feel

"Their eloquence and beauty."

The lily whiteness of Lucilla's cheek had from her frequent rambles in a pure air, yielded to a rose-crimson, which added a new charm to her features. Before the expiration of the week, Frederick felt himself almost an "age in love." He had by his

friendly assiduity, succeeded in obtaining from Col. and Mrs. Lovell, all their history, and it afforded him a secret pleasure, to think it was in his power to relieve them. On taking leave of Mrs. L. he laid upon her pillow a ten dollar bill, then turning to Lucilla slipped a valuable ring upon her finger, and according to their request, promised soon to visit them again.

Mrs. Lovell continued to decline, and the day after Mr. Taft's departure, she suffered a paralytic stroke which had nearly proved fatal. Lucilla felt a peculiar depression of spirits. The increase of her mother's illness, together with the departure of so interesting a friend and companion, rendered her little dwelling not unlike the "house of mourning."

However, but few days had passed, when as she was sitting by her bed and fanning the pale features of her mother, as she slept, the door was suddenly opened, and Frederick Taft entered, followed by a young lady. He started on beholding her occupation, and the pallid features of her mother—she arose—he extended his hand. "Permit me, Miss Lovell," said he, "to make you acquainted with my cousin, Miss Emma Seldon."

An unspeakable joy beamed in Lucilla's eye, as she extended her hand, and led Miss Seldon to a chair. Two long years and above had passed, since she had seen a female form, except her mother. Frederick apologised for the seeming intrusion, and

declared he had solicited his cousin to brave the dangers of the mountain, as he was resolved to effect an acquaintance between them.

Miss Seldon was not a young lady of deep refinement,—her advantages had been limited to her own little town circle, consequently she did not, at first view, appear prepossessing. Yet she possessed many excellent qualities of mind, and was sure, upon acquaintance, to rise in esteem.

Frederick had, from the moment he left the cottage, felt a resistless desire to return. Lucilla appeared to his view, a being of angel perfection, and he thought, could he but call her his own, his earthly bliss would be complete. But he was well aware, that this could not be easily effected. The ill state of Mrs. L.'s health, their determination to mingle no more with the world, and above all, Lucilla's attachment to them, seemed to be almost insurmountable obstacles. Yet he resolved to make her an offer of his heart and hand, feeling assured that life without her society, would possess no charm. Accordingly, he repaired once more to the cottage, accompanied by his cousin, determined, ere he left it again, to know his fate.

The morning after their arrival, he said, "Come Emma, you must now try your skill as a nurse, while Miss Lovell walks abroad, to recruit her spirits, upon the fragrant morning breezes." Emma readily assented, and taking the arm of Lucilla, they passed

the open enclosure, and entered a grove of fir trees. Her almost idolized brook was murmuring through it, and they seated themselves upon a knoll by its side. There, after some hesitation, he told her all the emotions of his heart. "Yes, dear Lucilla," said he, taking her hand, "all my happiness depends upon you. Life to me, without your affection, will be but a blank—an insipid existence; and can you be so cruel as to seal my hapless doom?" "Dear Frederick," she replied, "to deny that you have from our first acquaintance possessed a superior interest in my heart, would be doing my candor injustice—yet have I sought to guard against a growing sentiment in your favor. Conscious as I am, that it is not in my power to act according to the natural dictates of my heart. I am bound to this spot by a sacred tie. While my beloved and heart-broken parents have existence, may it never be in my nature to forsake them." "But, Lucilla, they shall go with us, and your brothers too. The ample fortune I possess is sufficient for us all; and it shall not be spared, in contributing to their ease and comfort." "Alas! Frederick, you know not what you say. All the gold of Ophir would not tempt them to leave this spot. Here they have sought retirement from a vain world, and yonder knoll they have selected as a rest from their sorrows." "Then my dreams of felicity are at an end. I have nothing to hope." "Yes—I am not bound to this spot by any vows; but by pa-

rental affection alone. Sorrow has left a too visible trace upon their features. In a few years, I may be left an orphan upon this lonely wild. Then, the friend who is now inexpressibly dear, if in existence, must be to my forlorn heart, invaluable." "I understand you, Lucilla. Yes, and while I applaud that virtue, so noble, so firm,—may I never forget the lovely image in which it is enshrined. Believe me, I will enter into no other engagement while there is a hope remaining of you. In a few days, I must return to my friends. Keep that ring in remembrance of him who can never forget."

They returned to the cottage, but evidently under increased depression of spirits, which was noted by Emma with apparent concern.

Two days subsequently, they took their departure. The separation was affecting, but Emma had promised to maintain a correspondence with Lucilla, and also with her cousin, by which means they hoped to hear frequently from each other.

Again was she left to her solitary duty of "watching and weeping beside a weary sufferer." Mrs. Lovell lingered till the following spring, when her spirit took its ærial flight. She died under the influence of another paralytic stroke, which deprived her of her senses. Several families had now emigrated into the neighborhood, and assisted by them, she was borne to her silent home upon the shady knoll. How cheerless the cottage now appeared to its mourning

inmates. The deep responding sigh resounded from each bosom, while tears fell copiously from the cheeks of the forlorn Col. Lovell.

The following summer was literally a blank in the existence of Lucilla,—and excepting that she was, now and then, cheered by a letter from her friend Emma, containing some kind remembrance from Frederick, her mind dwelt continually upon gloomy scenes.

But the placid autumn at length arrived, and brought with it an unlooked for joy. Her eldest brother, who had been absent on a visit to his native place, returned, and presented to her Eliza Sumner, a darling playmate, as a sister. This was truly a joyful event, and for a while her sorrows were nearly drowned in heart-felt joy.

But alas! Providence had still greater trials in store for her. Her beloved father began to sink under the weight of his sorrows, and fell into a rapid decline. The management of the family was left to her sister Eliza, while she devoted her whole attention to him.

In this manner the dreary winter passed away. The anniversary of her mother's decease arrived;—she was sitting by his bed, and conversing with her father upon that mournful event, when a stranger entered. He presented a letter from Miss Seldon. Lucilla hastily broke the seal, and commenced perusing it with an elated smile—when, suddenly, the letter fell from her hand, and she exclaimed “O my

God," and sunk lifeless upon the floor. Half an hour elapsed ere she was restored to perfect consciousness. She first called for the letter, and pointing a passage to Eliza, she read thus:—"It pains my heart to be the instrument of sad tidings to you, but I must proceed on my painful duty. Frederick—my beloved cousin—your friend—is no more. He was drowned in attempting to step from a boat upon the quay. As I took up a New York paper this morning, my eye instantly rested upon the fatal passage."

Lucilla felt that her cup was indeed full. In all her previous hours of gloom, she had looked to the south upon a "bright particular star" which now had set forever; and her sun was fast upon its decline, in the existence of an only and adored parent.

At length that awful hour arrived; she heard his "last expiring sigh," and with her own hand closed his eyes. Then it was that she looked abroad upon the wide world—all her chief ties were broken—she felt a desolation rush upon her soul, and a moment after, a calmness succeeded.

"There is a period in the wreck of hopes,
By the affections garnered, calmer, far,
Than an untried serenity. It comes
With the stern conflict ever, and awaits
The passage of that hour, as if the soul
Were girded, and had championed suffering.
And it is strange, how a weak human heart,
Will thus be quiet—————."

The funeral solemnities being over, Lucilla went, for the first time, on a visit to her friend Emma. Most consoling was the pure sympathy which flowed from the bosom of that affectionate girl. She consented to spend a few weeks with Emma, and no exertion was spared to alleviate that calm and silent sorrow which had settled upon her mind. Mr. Seldon was a wealthy farmer; his lands abounded with many romantic scenes, to which Emma daily led her friend, and was happy to discover that her taste for "nature's lovely scenes" was not entirely destroyed by untimely sorrows.

One afternoon, as they were returning from a ramble, they saw a gentleman advancing to meet them. They were surprised. He advanced hastily, and, the next moment, Frederick!—Lucilla!—was articulated, while he clasped her in his arms.

It was indeed Frederick Taft; nor had he been drowned, as was supposed, but the accident actually befell a young gentleman by the same name, who was, however, a stranger in New York. He had heard of the death of Col. Lovell, and hastened to offer consolation to a heart which he was sensible must be near breaking. Never was there a greater relief presented in the form of humanity; and in a few days, after visiting the "lone little cot," dropping the tributary tear upon the graves of her lamented parents, taking an affectionate leave of her brothers and sisters, she set out with Mr. Taft, accompanied by Emma,

for his pleasant mansion in New York, where, in the presence of his numerous friends, she gave him her hand, and still lives a blessing to her beloved husband, and an ornament to her sex.

EFFECTS OF INDULGENCE.

“Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.”—*Solomon*.

THERE is perhaps no evil so apparently trifling in its commencement, and which carries with it upon the stage of life greater or more important effects, than *excessive indulgence*. The child who in infancy is permitted to exercise his *own* will, in defiance of parent or guardian, is sure to grasp the leading rein, for which he will contend through life, even though it be at the expense of his own, and the happiness of all around him.

“You will surely spoil your child by this foolish indulgence,” said a sage lady to her sister; “I see he has got the reins entirely in his own hands, and exercises *naughty will* at pleasure. If his infantile years alone were concerned, I should not think it a matter of so much consequence; but, believe me,

should you live to see the day when your son arrives to manhood, the hour will come, when in the bitterness of grief, you will wish he had sunk from your arms to the grave."

How this admonition was relished by Mrs. Coleman, (the lady addressed,) the reader may imagine, but the sequel is to follow.

Fourteen years had winged their silent course, and Howard Coleman stood an actor on "life's busy stage." A more perfect model of manly comeliness never met the admiring eye. Tall and erect—when ever he moved, a harmonious symmetry seemed to act upon all his physical powers, rendering him at once an object of universal admiration. His features were in unison, bearing deeply the lines of every pleasing variation of mind, and the parents of many a dwarfish lad envied the possession of such a son. In whatever circle he moved, the voice of adulation was sure to reach his ear, while a *smile* from his *divine* countenance was considered by the "leading belle" as a most peculiar favor.

But I have been describing him abroad—in the circles of fashion—where by the world in general, character is judged, but I now beg permission to turn and follow him to the domestic fireside, where alone character may be seen *as it is*.

Maj. Coleman was a wealthy stockholder, residing upon the banks of the noble and beautiful Connecticut river, in Vermont. Mellissa and Howard were

his two only surviving children, the latter of whom rose, towering far above his elder sister, who, less favored by nature with external graces, and feeling sensible of neglect therefrom, grew a modest, unassuming flower, and

“Dwelt unseen.”

The gay circles in which her brother moved “a bright particular star,” soon lost their attractions to her, and possessing naturally a reflective mind, deeply cultivated and disciplined by education, her thoughts became deep also, and turning from the delusive vanities of earth, she yielded to a propensity for retirement, and at the age of twenty became an amiable *recluse*.

Howard was considered by his parents as little inferior to an angel. No caprice which his “evil genius” could invent, was for a long time sufficient to call forth correction, till at length his waywardness growing more intolerable, they concluded to assume a *mild* government, but it was too late—a high spirit had risen, unrestrained—*self-will* had become rooted, and the bare intimation that he was not acting *right*, stimulated him to persevere in the *wrong*, as by that means he sought conquest.

Among his early propensities, was an ardent love of romance—novels being seized with avidity, and their, to him, savory contents devoured with greediness. The Bible and its precepts were entirely dis-

regarded, as were all other publications of a serious order, while he worshipped with his whole soul, Moore and Byron. His parents, though professed followers of the Redeemer of mankind, were nevertheless so infatuated with the rising promise of their son, as to withhold reproof, and not unfrequently were seen to smile at his witty sarcasms upon the "hypocrisy of Methodists," the "priestcraft of Calvinists," and the "abomination of all Christian creeds."

A certain author has remarked that "a character without *love* is incomplete," and so thought Mrs. Coleman, for she had early planned a match for her son, with the daughter of an intimate friend—a young lady of real merit, and heiress to a large estate—whom she never failed to send for at vacation times, when Howard came home from college, to help form plans for his amusement. But, unfortunately, his powers of perception discovered her art, and consequently the sylph-like form, the seraph voice, the countless qualities of mind, together with her pecuniary expectations, were viewed by him with cold and scornful indifference; while Miss Inglesby had the misfortune of failing to win from him

—"One soft, soul moving strain—
Or *one* impassioned lay."

At length Mrs. Coleman had the mortification to learn that Howard had manifested a partiality for a

poor orphan girl, who came blushing from her concealment among the northern mountains, to seek the hospitality of a "well-off-to-do" cousin, who resided but a few doors from Maj. Coleman's princely mansion. The unaffected beauty of Miss Sidney, together with a modest innocence of manners, attracted unusual attention; and when Howard saw her enter the church, arrayed in a plain white "shepherds dress" with her rosy cheeks contrasting so charmingly, the spring of *romance* rushed up afresh in his bosom, and imagination portrayed her as an *angel in disguise*, whom the fates had assuredly dropped upon his path, both for the purpose of rendering happy his mortal existence, and for avenging the insult that had been offered by his adoring mother, who had *presumably* selected Miss Inglesby as *his* companion.

The humble dwelling of Mr. Lawrence now became the place of his daily resort, and the fair stranger the object of his fondest and deepest interest; while she, timid as the fawn of her own mountain cliff, shrank from his earnest gaze, as does the tender floweret from the rays of a glaring noon-day sun. But at length, having reached the height of his romance, and imagined his Irena a real goddess, whom he designed to improve by a *finished* education, he determined to make his sentiments known, and for that purpose choose an opportunity when her friends were absent. On entering the parlor, without ceremony, he caught a glimpse of her form as she glided

through an opposite door, and sought refuge in the vine-screened summer house. Thither he followed, and discovered her suffering the most intense agitation from terror. "For Heaven's sake," said he, "Miss Sidney, why do you flee my presence as would the hunted deer from the fangs of the fierce hounds? Have I in any way given you occasion to doubt my esteem, honor, and friendship? No; I can most conscientiously defy you to say so. Do not tremble, but believe me, from the hour I first saw you, you have been the object of my undivided admiration, and it was for the purpose of offering you both my heart and hand that I have thus sought you. Will you—*can* you wring my heart, and blight my hopes by a rejection? No! no!! "

Irena's fortitude instantly returned, as with a blush of indignation mantling her cheek, she energetically replied—"Far be it from me, Mr. Coleman, a humble cottage girl, to treat you with reprimand; yet, believe me, sir, though born in a forest and uneducated—though unused to the wiles of the crafty and the designs of the deceiver—still I have that principle within my breast that teaches me to resent *imposition* from any one, but more especially from those whom fortune has blessed with superior advantages, and whose duty it *should* be to respect and defend, rather than insult the lowly."

A *firmness* like this was unexpected, and Howard felt himself disconcerted. But "assurance," says

an author, “ may become doubly sure,” and Irena was at last prevailed upon to believe. Obtaining a promise of her hand whenever circumstances should permit a settlement, he saw the object of his affections placed at a boarding school ; and then by “ fiery ambition led,” he sought, eagerly sought, to win

“ Earth’s delusive honors, and to raise
A fame imperishable.”

Already in possession of a civil office, he sought by flatteries to obtain *favours* ; but it was not to the man of *principle* that he looked for his friend and associate, but to him who, defying the basis of all rational happiness, in the pursuit of virtue, seeks in the gratification of unhallowed passions, enjoyments which conscience refuses to ratify, and thus by creating a tumultuous warfare in the recesses of his bosom, is led on in the pathway of vice till his course terminates in certain ruin.

Rumor became busy. It was, by some, reported that Howard Coleman was becoming strangely altered ; by others, that his temper was getting bad ; yet all agreed that his adoration of Irena Sidney was continually augmenting ; that he felt a peculiar pride in escorting her from place to place, where he was invariably complimented, for she was indeed the “ flower of the river valley ” to which she had been transferred, and he indulged in his conquest, feelings of transport. But the cheek of Irena grew suddenly

pale ; her vivacity forsook her, and she became pensive and thoughtful. Report had made its way even to the sanctuary of her own apartment, and she was reluctantly compelled to believe that the chosen partner of her future days had imbibed habits of intemperance—frequented the gambling table, and grossly abused his confiding parents. The latter fact was peculiarly afflictive, as she had been sensible to their over fondness, and felt assured that it could have proceeded from no less a cause than reproof, *merited reproof*, for his prominent failing. Her gentle heart was alive to the impulses of pure virtue, and she had too often lamented the error of one whom, though deeply beloved, she would fain have admonished.

One evening the sensibilities of her heart had yielded to a copious flood of tears, when Howard suddenly entered, and throwing himself upon the sofa, for a few moments remained silent. At length, he said, “Miss Sidney, what does this mean? I conjure you to tell me; has the cursed tale reached your ears also? Has that recreant, miserly old father of mine sent his messenger to steel *your* bosom also against his much injured son?” “No, no!” she replied, “but why, dear Howard, those harsh, those unjust epithets against your honored parent? Surely his fatherly kindness and patient forbearance demand a very different return.” “Are you, Miss Sidney,” said he, “to be a judge between my father’s concerns and mine? I had thought the obligations my bounty

has lavished upon you might have excited a more humble—a—but—” “*Hear* me, Mr. Coleman,” said she, “much and deeply as I feel the sense of obligation to you—much as I love and revere—I must not, *cannot* remain silent, when by pointing out a single error I may thereby save you from impending ruin.”

“Error! *error!* did you say Miss Sidney?—and have you already forgotten your dependence?”

“No, oh no! dear Howard, I feel it, *deeply* feel it, while at this moment I solemnly conjure you to fly from that error, that death leading error—oh! flee from *intemperance*—or with you must perish the fond hopes of your parents, and of your affectionate Irena.”

“Oh! ye gods!” said he, “has it come to this?” and casting a look of withering defiance at Irena, darted from her presence.

Day after day, week after week, was the wretched, the abandoned Coleman seen to pass the doors of his parental dwelling (for he had left its protection,) on his way to haunts of vice and dissipation, where each day he plunged still deeper into the vortex.

“At length he sunk—and disappointment stood
His only comforter, and mournfully
Told all was past. His interest in life,
In being, ceased; and now he seemed to feel,
And shuddered as he felt, his powers of mind
Decaying in the spring-time of his day.”

That self-will, so early imbibed, seemed still to

seek gratification in wounding the hearts which he was in duty bound to alleviate and soothe. He was not unfrequently seen to reel from intoxication, while his parents looked mournfully upon their son. His means at length became exhausted, and he had not wherewith to purchase a morsel of bread. In this situation he meditated suicide ; and, seizing a razor, repaired in the evening to a deep forest, resolved to sever the tie that held him to existence, and thus to plant the dagger still deeper in the hearts of those whom he desired to afflict. Seating himself under the branches of a pine tree, he sought a few moments reflection, ere he took leave of time, and calling to mind the parting scene with his parents, and Irena, his passions became highly inflamed, and revenge, *revenge!* became the language of his whole soul. “ Now,” said he, “ is the moment ;” and unpinning his collar, leaned his head against the tree, and raised the fatal instrument—at the same time giving an upward glance with his eyes, as he exclaimed “ fare-well world, fare—” —at that instant the moon rushed suddenly from behind a cloud, and his eyes rested upon the face of the planet. His hand released its grasp—the instrument fell—and a trembling seized his whole frame. His frenzied mind beheld in that planet the frowning face of his Divine Maker, and he shrunk from the piercing glance. A perspiration, cold as death, crept over his brow, and springing upon his feet, hesitated which way to flee from his

dreadful wrath. All his crimes at once arose, and stared him in the face. He felt an instantaneous conviction that he had been guided by the "father of evil"—that true contrition, and an amendment of his errors, could alone restore him to lost happiness. After revolving upon his situation till day light appeared, he returned to his lodging, where he penned a contritious letter to his parents, declaring himself "unworthy to be called their son," or to come into their presence. He also directed an unfinished note to Miss Sidney, in which he begged forgiveness for the past, and assured her he would no more come into her presence until by reformation he should become more worthy. After sealing and directing them, he walked away, yet in what direction no one could ascertain, and no trace of him could be found.

From the moment when, with a look so terrific, Howard left the apartment of Miss Sidney, her fortitude vanished; and though she was conscious of having said no more than imperative duty demanded, yet she felt that he was lost to her—*lost forever*—that all those fond imaginings which had so sweetly beguiled her former hours, and on which she had erected her hopes of future happiness, were but the illusions of a dream from which she had now awaked to wretched reality. She would fain have returned to her place of nativity to seek peace and shelter among its ever green mountains, which she regretted that she had left, or trusted in the fickle smile of capri-

cious fortune ; but Mr. Coleman entreated her to make his house her home ; to consider him as her father, and Melissa as a sister, for whom her recent affliction rendered her a congenial companion.

One year had already elapsed since the departure of Howard, and Maj. Coleman having closed his prosperous business, yielded to the effects of that unspeakable sorrow which the heart of a fond parent can only imagine. With a broken constitution, and derangement of his nervous system, he retired to his apartment, where his wife had long remained a sorrowful invalid ; and except the society of Melissa and Irena, who sought to soothe and cheer their declining days, they seldom saw any one ; and the mansion that was once open to the fashionable and the gay, was now denominated the “ Monastery.”

“ Oh ! ” said Mrs. Coleman, one morning while they were assembled at breakfast, “ could I but know the fate of our dear Howard—even though it were death itself,—I should feel comparatively happy ; but this painful *suspense*—oh, it is insupportable. I fear that his misfortunes have, in a measure, proceeded from a neglect of duty on our part. It *was* an error, to permit his waywardness to gain such ascendancy over us, for we should have remembered, that

“ As the twig is bent—the tree’s inclin’d.”

“True—*very true*,” said Melissa, “and dear mother, permit me now to tell you that this very error in the management of my brother has been the cause of all my unhappiness. Many times have I receded from your presence, shuddering, when with unseemly words he was allowed to insult you, and reproof came not. Prompted by the fondness of a sister’s love, I at length ventured gently to admonish him, but the return I met, went as a dagger to my heart, and its inmost recesses were made to bleed. From that hour I resolved to renounce the world, and all its seeming enjoyments, and seek a happiness above its power to control. In this I have succeeded, and while you have been lavishing your fondness upon him, and he has been wounding your heart by ingratitude, I have found my sweetest consolation in bowing before the mercy seat, and craving *blessings* for you, and *repentance* for my brother.”

“Oh, my blessed daughter!” said Mr. Coleman —at that instant the door-bell suddenly rang—they all started up, for it was an unusual event. “Go,” said Mr. Coleman to a servant, “and see who waits.” Scarcely was the bolt withdrawn, ere a young gentleman rushed into the room, slowly followed by another. He stood a moment and glanced his eye upon the circle, then approaching Maj. Coleman, fell upon his knees, exclaiming, “My father! my father!!”—“It is—it is my son,” said Mrs. Coleman, and fell fainting into the arms of Irena. The scene

that followed defies the power of description, and is left for the reader's imagination.

When tranquility was restored, disengaging himself from the embrace of Irena, he led the stranger forward, saying, "Behold, my friends, the preserver of your *lost* Howard. To him I owe not only my life, but my moral salvation. Pricked to the heart, by a sense of my awful depravity, after penning those short addresses to you, I walked away, yet in what direction I knew not, as a mania was fast gathering upon my brain. I wandered through the first day and night without stopping for rest or refreshment. At length nature became exhausted; I seated myself upon the steps of a church, and fainted. How long I remained in this situation, I know not, but when I awoke to consciousness, I found myself on a couch, in a chamber, and this young gentleman bending over me, whose tears had already moistened my cheek. He bade me be quiet, and administered cordials to my emaciated frame. At length I revived and learned from my attendant that I was recovering from a fever, which I had endured two weeks, in a state of perfect unconsciousness. He then begged to be informed of my history, which I related in brief, while the tear of sympathy flowed afresh from his eyes. 'Ah!' said he, '*you have forsaken the paths of virtue—you have neglected your moral duties, and forgotten your dependence on a righteous Heaven; but your case is not hopeless—you acknowledge a sense*

of depravity, which is the first step to amendment, and if you will place yourself under my direction, I will endeavor to lead you back to that peace, which you have so foolishly cast away. Past *effects* cannot be recalled, yet the future may be improved, and you may yet become a 'bright and shining light,' to attract others from the paths of vice.'

"I learned that my protector had been nursed in the school of adversity. Often had he seen his earthly hopes cut off—often had the arrows of disappointment wounded his susceptible heart; yet by a firm reliance on the wisdom of Providence, he had been enabled to gain a calm serenity, and by the aid of philosophy, was enabled to soar far above them.

"He had wealth, and was by profession an agriculturalist—in which pursuit he provided me with easy employment, while he was continually filling my ears with useful lessons. After delineating the beauties and uses of vegetable substances, he proceeded to lecture upon our state as dependent beings, shewing the innumerable blessings by which we are surrounded, and pointing out our boundless obligations. He then descanted upon the crime of abusing those blessings. Disrespect to parents, was a subject on which he dwelt with peculiar reprehension. In fine, after an exertion of one year, under his direction, I find myself quite another being—newly moulded—and, as I trust, completely renovated. Though it is not in my power to make amends for the injuries of my past

conduct, yet if you can condescend to forgive a penitent, his future exertions to serve you, shall evince a sincerity, which I trust will be deep and lasting.—Melissa!—my much injured sister—permit me to introduce you to Edward Morley, whose sentiments, so congenial to your own, will, I trust, in future, make amends for that happiness which I have so wickedly rifled from you. It was for *your* sake, that I invited him to accompany me, and for *my* sake, let me hope that you will receive him as his merits deserve.”

Thus was the lost Howard Coleman once more restored to the embraces of his friends; once more the laugh of joy was heard in the long desolate mansion of his father; and once more the flush of happiness sat on the cheek, and hope beamed from the eye of Irena Sidney. Sorrow had made deep inroads upon the constitutions of Maj. and Mrs. Coleman, yet the cordial of a lost son's affection soon revived their drooping powers, and they again walked abroad, greeting their former acquaintance, like beings who had awaked to new life.

The closed doors of his father's office were again opened, and a flourishing business ensued under the direction of the qualified Howard. He is united to Irena, who is now the mother of several children, and in their affectionate endeavors to elevate and improve their minds, they never forget the “Effects of Indulgence.”

THE MOURNER OF THE LAKE.

WHO that has once seen the beautiful island of South Hero, in Lake Champlain, can forget its charming scenery. Returning, in 1820, from an excursion in Western New York, I passed through this island. The road upon which we travelled was skirted with rows of trees apparently standing in their native state, but of what species I could not determine. The adjacent fields were redundant with the finest orchards I had ever beheld, while the farm houses, scattered at convenient distances, possessed much of the taste and elegance of the city mansion.

It was mid afternoon, when we arrived at a village upon its eastern shore, commanding a wide view of those waters immortalised by the victory of McDonough. We alighted at an elegant Inn, and it being

too late to cross the waters, requested accommodations for the night. I soon discovered from the gaiety of a numerous assembly, who were collecting, that a wedding was being celebrated in the house, and so much was my attention occupied, in viewing the splendid dresses of those who were passing, that I did not at first observe a young female arrayed in deep mourning, who was sitting near a window that commanded a view of the Lake, which, as the sun was setting, reflected his amber beams, and presented a scene of beauty and grandeur indescribable.

When first I beheld her, she was leaning her head upon her hand, and appeared as if intently gazing upon some object distant upon the waters ; and so much did she appear to be engrossed by the sight, that I stepped forward, in order to share with her the interesting vision, but she sighed deeply, and looking up, I saw upon her features an expression altogether undefinable. Her soul was evidently filled with sorrow—but it was a sorrow that sympathy could not reach, and it feasted upon and devoured her heart. I felt an irresistible desire to know the source of her misfortune, and at length said, “ Pardon me madam, if I am intrusive, but your garb bespeaks you to be a *mourner*. As I have myself drank deeply from the ‘cup of sorrow,’ I feel it my privilege to sympathise with the afflicted.” She did not reply, but looking intently upon a gold watch, which she held in her hand, arose and left the room. I saw her no more—

but from my hostess I learned the following circumstances.

Fanny Clifford, said she, is the daughter of a wealthy merchant, residing in the town of —, bordering upon the lake on the Vermont shore. She possessed, from childhood, every advantage that wealth and indulgence could give. Her education was finished at a female boarding school in the city of New York, and she was all in person and manners, that the hearts of her fond parents could wish or desire.

In the early part of the year 1814, Fanny was walking upon the beach, at sunset, to inhale a pure evening breeze, and listening to the water fowl as it pensively whispered its “good evening” song, when suddenly a boat turning a point, glided directly to the spot where she was standing. Being much surprised by the suddenness of its appearance, she remained motionless, while a young officer, in naval uniform, springing from the boat, stood before her. “Do not be alarmed, my sweet girl,” said he, “it was not my intention to obtrude upon a stranger, but having a glimpse of your form from a distance, and possessing somewhat of romance in my composition, I was led to believe that I had discovered sweet Ellen, the ‘Lady of the Lake;’ yet whether it be reality or not, I am highly gratified. I perceive that you are an admirer of nature, for which these shores present abundant matter. I am in this vicinity a stranger, having

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but lately entered on board the fleet, and it was with our good commodore's permission that I took this little aquatic excursion for the purpose of pencilling upon my mind, scenes which are delightful. Here I behold beauty blended with simplicity, and majesty with wonder, which to the lover of nature, and of nature's God, awake emotions of pleasure and gratitude."

Such was the language with which Fanny was addressed by a polite and very prepossessing young officer. There was a frankness in his deportment, which at once bespoke him void of art or design, and she permitted him to accompany her to her own door, and assented to his request for permission to call again.

It cannot be supposed that an adventure so entirely new, should have been revolved by Fanny with indifference. O no! there was an ease, an affability, a *delicacy*, in the stranger's deportment which could not fail to secure a deep interest. Three weeks had elapsed, during which, though she had refrained walking in that direction, yet not a morning, noon, nor evening had passed but she had raised her window sash, to glance upon the distant waters, where she had beheld his boat gliding away so fleetly.

At length one afternoon, as she was busily engaged with her paints, and was sketching the outline of a boat, with an officer seated at its helm, a rap was heard at the street door. Mrs. Clifford opened it, when an officer in full uniform entered. The blush upon Fanny's cheek left her mother in no doubt

as to who was the stranger, and he was cordially received. Fanny inquired by what name she should introduce him, to which he replied, "Arthur B——, madam." Mr. Clifford soon entered, and they learned that their guest was the son of a clergyman in Massachusetts, and that he had been liberally educated. The afternoon glided swiftly away, and he arose to depart, but not till he had been warmly urged to call again.

His visits soon became frequent, and he made an avowal of his attachment to Fanny, which was acknowledged on her part to be reciprocal. He was invited to spend a few days in the family, and his acceptance was a gratification, for while her father delighted to sound his mind upon scientific and political subjects, her brothers were happy to challenge him at a game of chequers or picquet; but as evening approached, he usually invited Fanny to walk upon the beach, where he said his kind stars had first blessed him with a sight of his precious "Lady of the Lake."

But at length the fatal 11th of September approached and he was hastily called to duty. He took leave of the happy circle where he had passed the pleasantest hours of his life, but with the hope shortly to meet again. Fanny accompanied him to the beach. After mutual assurances of unutterable affection they parted, but as she watched his receding boat, and his

form faded from sight, she burst into tears. A secret something which she could not define, had whispered in her ear, "*you part to meet no more!*" Alas! poor Fanny—too true was that prophetic whisper.

The next day the British fleet, commanded by commodore Downie, appeared and challenged the Americans by a first fire. It was returned—the conflict became severe. Flag after flag of the enemy was lowered. In the midst of the action Lieut. B—— received a shot in the right side which penetrated the lungs. Death was inevitable, and calling upon an intimate brother officer, he took from his pocket a gold watch,—“I am dying,” said he; “my moments are already numbered—take this watch—convey it to Fanny Clifford—tell her that I impressed upon it a kiss with my dying breath, and send it to her as a pledge of my affection even till death.” He shortly after expired.

The sound of the cannon had first aroused Fanny from her toilette, where she was preparing for the sacred duties of the Sabbath. She opened her case—ment, where by the aid of a glass she distinctly saw the two fleets in hostile array. Attended by her father and brothers she ascended a lofty eminence where they could observe the movement of each vessel as it took its stand in the action, and the most painful sensations took possession of her bosom as she listened to the solemn reverberation of the cannon. In vain

did she struggle for that composure which her philosophic father affectionately urged—every shot imparted a new pang, as if the missile itself had entered her bosom.

At length after a few hours all was still. They saw the star-spangled flag waving triumphantly upon the vessel of McDonough, while the British ensigns had all become invisible. Again hope dawned upon Fanny's bosom and she could reciprocate the shouts of joy that thrilled from the neighboring cliffs. Most impatiently did she await the arrival of an approaching messenger. He came. An officer was with him, and he inquired for Fanny Clifford—she sprang to his side. "I am sorry," said he, "to be the bearer of sad tidings, but Lieut. B—— is no more. He fell in ardent action, and when dying committed this watch to my hand, with the request that I would present it to you, and say that he impressed a kiss upon it with his dying lips in remembrance of you." She grasped the watch and fell senseless into the arms of her father. Convulsion succeeded convulsion, and not till the third day did she manifest a sign of consciousness. Then there was a change in her eye which plainly indicated that *reason* was lost, and she has remained to this day in a state of insanity. She appears listless and indifferent, but starts when the names of Lieut. B—— or Commodore McDonough are uttered. She is now spending a few weeks with

her brother, but when at her father's house she daily resorts to the lake shore, where with the watch in her hand, she sits for hours gazing upon the waters, and waiting for the *long-sought boat*.

THE MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.

O! doubt not the passion that thrills
In the depth of a bosom like mine ;
'The world may beset thee, with trial and ills,
But affection shall never decline.
'Thou art all that my fancy may paint,
'Thou art all that my soul may adore,
As bright as a seraph—as pure as a saint—
I wish not,—I ask not, for more."

THOSE who have never witnessed the departure of a steamboat cannot conjecture the novelty of the scene. The long columns of dense smoke ascending from the flue and dissolving itself into fantastic forms upon the air—the star-spangled flag waving triumphantly its glossy folds to the playful breeze—the powerful wheels of the engine beating their way through the "mighty deep" in defiance of Neptune himself,—with a motley assemblage of lively souls upon deck—

all combined, render it one of the most interesting spectacles.

'Twas in the year 1838, when one of those vessels left the harbor at —, in the State of New York, and gliding over the tranquil waters of the St. Lawrence, entered the broad bosom of the queenly Ontario. 'Twas September. "Morn's benignant beams" had passed away, and the sun in his decline was dispensing his mellow beams upon the ridgy wave, where land was distanced beyond the ocular view. The passengers who seemed to have overcome the restraint, usual to strangers, assembled themselves upon mid-deck, where conversation was flowing with unreserved freedom. Maj. Templeton stood leaning over the back of a chair, with his eyes alternately roving from the sublime beauties of the sparkling waves to the upper deck. His countenance betrayed evident emotion, as turning to a young lady who sat near him, "Look," said he, "yonder do you see that couple, arm in arm? They have been traversing the deck without cessation, since six o'clock this morning, and what is most singular, they have not even cast a *look* upon one of our company, but appear as if entirely absorbed in each other's destiny." "Who are they, Henry?" inquired his listening companion. "In truth I know not," he replied, "but when I left my berth this morning and ascended upon deck they were the first objects that met my view. They were then upon their knees, side by

side, and as I slowly advanced, I heard her voice articulating a fervent prayer, but as they heard the sound of footsteps they arose, and turning, walked to an opposite direction. I have since, from irresistible curiosity, kept a close watch upon them, yet it has only served to lead me still deeper into the labyrinth of mystery, from which I am unable to extricate myself. In passing near them, I have frequently heard their sighs, and several times beheld the lady's eyes suffused with tears. Only a few moments ago, I heard her exclaim, 'O Charles! how can I give you up—it will break my heart—indeed it will.' To which he replied, 'God reigns, my dearest Emma; let us submit.' "

While Major Templeton was yet speaking, they descended the stairs upon middle-deck, where every eye was instantly turned upon them; yet they heeded it not, but seemed to cling to each other as if nought on earth could divide them.

They were a couple of most interesting appearance. He was tall and gracefully proportioned, with easy, yet commanding gait, while she was but the counterpart of himself. Their features were not to be described, as they had not displayed them for criticism, neither could the color of their eyes be ascertained, yet there was a striking similarity of person at first sight, while so much dignity was blended with indifference that no one dared to interrupt them even with a *question*. They seemed like two solitary pilgrims

passing through a world, where, save each other, there was not an object worth even a transient thought. Imagination portrayed their minds in unison with the poet, who says—

“ I hate the worldling’s vanity and noise,
I have no fellow-feeling in his joys,
The saint’s serener bliss I cannot share,
My soul, alas ! hath no communion there,—
This is the portion of my cup below,
Silent—unmingled, solitary woe.”

They continued their deck peregrination, occasionally ascending or descending from one floor to the other, till night closed the scene. The weary passengers, one after another, sought their humble berths, and silence reigned profound, save the monotonous sound of the propelling wheel, the voice of the helmsman, now and then singing to himself some solitary ditty to while away the lonely hour, and the soft step of the mysterious pair. At length *all* was silent—the vessel entered a harbor—the engine was stilled, and the sleeper slept sweetly.

Major Templeton awoke at an early hour. His sleep had been disturbed by visions of “ virtue in distress.” He fancied he heard sounds, and listening, distinguished the low voice of the female stranger singing the following lines :—

“ Friend of the fatherless and saint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint ? ”

He hastened from his berth and ascended upon deck, where reclining upon a chair, he beheld the youthful female—her countenance as pallid as death, while her eye was resting upon the far off deep. A wretchedness indescribable was perceptible in her mien, which contrasted with the loveliness of her person, gave her the appearance of “virtue weeping over the desolation of vice.” To behold so lovely a person sinking under a weight of grief, while no friendly arm was outstretched for relief, was too much for the sensibility of Major Templeton to support, and stepping forward, he would have addressed her, but she rising hastily passed by him, descended the stairs to the ladies’ cabin and threw herself upon a berth.

The young gentleman had disappeared; yet in what way, no one was able to conjecture. From a certain wildness of his appearance the evening previous, some were inclined to think he had sought a watery grave. The captain could only say that he received him on board the week previous and landed him at the village of O——h, on the St. Lawrence river, where he again came on board, accompanied by the fair stranger. As he had paid his passage to the present place, he concluded he had left the vessel, but the lady was to remain on board to Niagara and return again to the place from whence she proceeded. Thus, while conjecture was unable to unfold the mystery, every one concurred in the opinion that the

young couple were peculiarly unfortunate, in some way or other, and entitled to commiseration.

Major Templeton was a gentleman, possessing in the highest degree the genuineness of a feeling heart. He had in his early years taken many lessons in the school of adversity, which happily had left their salutary effects upon his youthful heart. The seeds of pride and ambition had been uprooted in the bud, while humility and philanthropy sprung up and flourished upon their ruins. In short, his heart, devoid of all that selfishness so detrimental to human associations, found its superior delight in imparting happiness to others. His form, though not of the most graceful mould, was nevertheless manly. But his chief attraction was an open countenance in which every noble and generous sentiment beamed in cloudless expression. He was not youthful ; thirty summers having left something of their impress upon his brow, and those who were acquainted with the fact, that his noble father fell in a duel to which he was unjustly called, and that his amiable mother from that cause became a maniac and was now an inmate of an insane hospital, imagined they could see upon his cheek the channel of a tearful flood. Nevertheless, he was unexceptionably an agreeable man, and those who cultivated most intimately his friendship, pronounced him one of the "excellent of the earth." The cloud which had overshadowed his youthful pros-

pects had now dispersed, and he was enjoying the radiant shine of prosperity. That he felt himself deeply interested in the fate of the "mysterious unknown," he could not deny; and impelled by the leading characteristic of his heart, benevolence, he resolved if perseverance could effect it, to find out the source of her apparently peculiar misfortunes and proffer relief. Accordingly, when after a few hours, she arose and seated herself upon deck, with an obvious serenity upon her countenance, he accosted her with "a very pleasant morning, madam?" to which she slightly bowed; then placing her handkerchief before her face seemed as if desirous to prevent further interrogation. "You appear to be in ill health, my friend," said he; "may I presume to inquire if it is in my power or any one on board this vessel to render you assistance; if so, be assured your wishes will be promptly complied with, at the same time that you confer a gratification." Her features assumed an expression of tenderness, as relaxing from timidity, she raised her eyes upon him who addressed her and replied with a trembling voice, "Alas, sir, mine is the 'malady of the mind.'" "Then," said he, "so much the greater will be our happiness in imparting relief. I have myself drank deeply from the cup of sorrow; and would you but unfold the source of your afflictions you will find a heart that can bestow sympathy unparalleled." "I am very sensible to your kindness, sir," said she, "and revere the principle

from which I doubt not you are actuated, but mine is a disease that will yield to 'oblivion's antidote' alone. The source I cannot, *must* not at present reveal." "But," said he, "if I were to divine the final result, may I hope that you will acquiesce?" She remained silent. "You have parted with a lover," said he, "and years perchance may intervene ere the fates permit you again to meet." She started—then replied vehemently, "a *lover*—no—O no; a *brother*—dear—yes dearer than *all on earth beside*. He was my all—all the stern fates had left to guide my orphan feet through life's bleak 'wilderness of woe.'" "But are you to meet him no more?" said the Major. Tears rushed to her eyes as she exclaimed, "forbear—forbear."

Major Templeton had turned aside to hide his own emotions, but returning, he inquired if she would not take some refreshments, which she at first declined, but his solicitations prevailed. "I have," said he, "on board a sister who like yourself is an orphan. She can reciprocate most tenderly every emotion that arises from the separation of inestimable friends. Give me leave to present you to her. By what name shall I present you?" A crimson blush instantly mantled her cheek as she replied, "I am not at liberty to say." He entered the cabin and returned leading an elegant female, whose full dark eye was beaming with expressive benevolence. "Miss Caroline Templeton, my beloved sister," said he, as he

presented her. A smile, such as may not be repressed when congenial souls have the happiness to meet, instantly played upon the sad features of the fair stranger, and although there are but few, perhaps, who would advocate the doctrine of instinctive recognition, yet these two young ladies were shortly after seated at the table together, enjoying something like a familiar *tete-a-tete*.

Major Templeton seated in a corner, was exulting at the happy transition he had effected, and at the same time criticising every variation in her countenance, as if to divine the inmost recesses of her soul, when she, turning suddenly to him, said rather abruptly, " You, sir, have inquired my name—for certain reasons I cannot now comply ; *reasons*, which were you but acquainted with, you would acquit me at once ; I am sure you would. Suffice it to say, I am an orphan left upon the ' world's wide stage ' alone. A time may come when I can tell you more—when the mystery which I am now painfully obliged to assume may be no longer necessary, when I may tell you *why* I am separated from a kind brother. At present it is my privilege to indulge a secret grief, which preys upon my heart's best and noblest feelings."

The vessel had beat her " trackless way " through the mighty waters of Ontario and was gently winding up the romantic Genesee. They beheld with awe the high towering banks on either side, which seemed

like barriers placed to defy the approach of happiness, or to teach man the necessity of exertion to obtain it. Their summits were covered with evergreen firs, which bending their proud tops gracefully toward the stream, seemed inviting its passengers to ascend; while the roaring of a terrific cataract a few miles distant, was the warning to speed.

As the thought first struck upon the mind of Major Templeton he deemed it almost prophetic. He felt indeed, that he was approaching a crisis upon which his future happiness was almost entirely depending. He turned to the mysterious passenger—she was conversing with his sister,—her mild blue eye was lighted up almost to animation, and there was a modest sweetness of expression visible through the “sombrous shade” that sat upon her delicate brow, which at once charmed and captivated. He felt indeed that he was enslaved. Pity had been his first exciting principle; it had led him on by hasty degrees to admiration, which speedily terminated in a softer, a more nameless sentiment. “Can I,” thought he, as he gazed intently upon her, “ever forget such loveliness? That she is one of the most amiable of her sex, I cannot doubt; that she is *pious* I am convinced, as I saw her upon her knees supplicating for one ‘stricken by misfortune’s power,’—and must she pine away in neglected solitude, without a protector to shield her from the ‘pitiless storms of life?’ *It must not be.*” He arose, paced the floor with hurried

steps—then turning, “Madam,” said he, “we must soon part; the harbor is already in view where my sister and myself must take our leave of you; but—is this to be a *final* separation? are we to commune no more upon the shores of time, and am I never to have the happiness of articulating your name? O! say not so—but promise me that you will sometime, through the aid of the friendly pen, tell me that I am not an object of entire indifference to you; and could I gain your consent, with what heartfelt pleasure should I respond the kindly sentence. She blushed confusedly as she replied, “And do you, my kind sir, doubt my gratitude? Were my heart callous as yonder adamant it could not receive unmoved the sympathetic and friendly attentions so kindly imparted by yourself and angel sister. Ah! no—believe me—while the springs of life continue to give pulsation to my heart, it will beat warm to the memory of those, who in the hour of adversity, sought to pour the balm of consolation upon the bleeding heart of a stranger. These towering cliffs may move—this stream may leave its channel dry, but gratitude in my bosom will flourish perennial with life. I cannot write to you until I am disenthralled of the mystery which at present has become my unhappy lot; yet, if you please to give me your address, I promise that whenever I can do so consistently, you shall hear from me, when *ingratitude*, I am assured, will not be accounted inherent in my nature.” To this propo-

sition he most joyfully assented, at the same time begging permission to make one query more. "Pardon it, madam, but—are you engaged?" "Frankly, sir, I declare I am not," she replied, with something like an arch smile. Stepping upon the wharf, she accompanied them a few rods to the foot of the precipice, where Major Templeton and his sister took a most affectionate leave of the lovely, yet "mysterious passenger." As they slowly wound their way up the steep declivity, they distinctly heard her voice in plaintive tone, singing the following lines:—

I bid thee adieu; but I cannot forget
St. Lawrence's bosom, the scene where we met,
Nor my heart's rapid beat, when thou call'dst me thy friend,
And did thy protection and friendship extend.

A few minutes only had elapsed, when Major Templeton with his sister leaning on his arm, appeared at an Inn door, where a stage was in waiting, in which they immediately took a seat, where in forgetfulness of all around him, he yielded to a train of pleasing reflections. "Yes, I shall hear from her again; that gentle heart is the seat of every virtue—my hopes cannot be wrecked *there*. Why, alas! should sorrow so untimely assail her youthful heart; but *all* is not lost—cheerfulness must again return and happiness re-unite with virtue."

Autumn, with her fallow robe, had disappeared at the approach of winter, and boreas himself had yield-

ed to the soft strains of lovely spring. The vales, the fields, the gardens were smiling in all their charming variegated robes. The birds were carolling on every bough, and happiness seemed to have descended to bless the whole human family. Yet there was *one* who sat pensive and sad—to whose sight the flower in vain presented its renovated bloom—on whose ear the notes of the feathered songsters fell with dull and unharmonious sound. “Why, Henry,” said Caroline to her brother, “you do not appear like yourself. It is in vain that I strive to get you abroad these blithe mornings: *you* that used to be so intense an admirer of my well arranged flowers, and such a critic too upon the notes of your favorite blackbird; I declare I hardly think you have even paid the homage of a *look* at the woodbine, which begins already to twine gracefully upon the posts of your favorite evening seat. You must chase away this gathering gloom, indeed you must, or my happiness will flee at your expense.” “I was thinking,” said he, “that this day completes the lapse of eight long months since we took leave of our stranger friend, the fair incognito, and I fancied even now I could hear her voice sweetly singing those valedictory lines. Why is it that we have not received one line from her to relieve our anxious suspense. Did she not *promise* to write?” His impatience had truly arrived at an alarming height. He began to suspect her truth, and reflect upon himself for his simple credu-

lity. His *dearly* cherished hopes were then to prove visionary; in fine, was he *again* to be duped by the external charms of a *heartless* female? Half vexed at his own folly, he entered his room, where Caroline shortly followed, holding in her hand a sealed packet. "Philo has brought this from the post-office; see, Henry, is it not from the mysterious passenger?" He seized it hastily, and breaking the seal discovered in elegant characters, "EMILY VANDOORN," and his heart fluttered excessively while he read as follows:—

TO MAJOR HENRY TEMPLETON.

O—G—H, *May 5th*, 1838.

Am I accused and condemned already—and may I not plead in my own defence? Believe me, dear sir, when I tell you the news of this day's paper has for the first time put it in my power to fulfil an engagement, the sacredness of which has ever been uppermost in my memory. Sensible as I am that the mystery which I, from duty to my brother, saw proper to assume, was painful to your feelings, I embrace the opportunity to give you an explanation. It will of course devolve upon me to give you some account of myself and family.

My father, Col. Vandoorn, was an inhabitant of one of the New England states. At the time of the late struggle between the United States and Great Britain, his breast became fired with patriotic zeal,

and leaving his two children to the care of my mother, he enlisted. Being appointed to a command, he soon after met the enemy, fought, and fell ; a ball from a concealed marksman penetrated his breast. " My wife and children ! " were the only words he articulated while struggling in the agonies of dissolution. The news of my father's death proved fatal to my dear mother also. From that hour she began to droop ; she smiled not, and ere the expiration of one year we saw the cold turf placed upon her remains. Thus were my brother Charles and myself deprived of both our parents at a time when our juvenile years most demanded their careful attentions and before we were capable of understanding the magnitude of our loss. The unruffled springs of our hearts emitted not a tear.

At length an uncle, residing in the State of New York, hearing of our destitute situation, came and took us to his own house, where we were treated by him with peculiar tenderness. He being a merchant, my brother Charles was trained for the counter, while I was designed as a future preceptress, and qualified accordingly. Our youthful days flitted on buoyant wings, while our chief happiness was centered in each other. Charles had ever manifested a peculiar attachment to me. The sensibilities of his heart were of the most susceptible mould, and when ruffled by the vexations incident to impetuous youth he ever resorted to me for my advice, while my

direction was strictly adhered to, and he returned with a smile of satisfaction. We truly realized our orphan state : felt that we were left alone in the wide world and must look to each other for those natural endearments which fate had cruelly deprived us of in others.

At length to our inexpressible sorrow, our beloved uncle died, and he having left no will, we found ourselves utterly unprovided for. Our aunt, though she had no children of her own, on whom to lavish her fondness, had never supplied the place of a *mother* to us. Avarice was her characteristic ; she became cold and indifferent to us. Charles grew uneasy.—“ I will go,” said he, “ to some other place and try what fortune may have in store for us, and should I succeed in my honest endeavors, be assured Emily, the half I may accumulate shall be your own.” We parted with many tears. Lonely and desolate as I was, I engaged as instructress to a select school. My pupils were interesting, and in the employment of my station, so completely was my time occupied that I almost forgot to weep for my absent brother. Three months winged their flight and I received an affectionate letter. Though he had been disappointed and could not get into satisfactory employment, yet his bosom was beating with sanguine hopes that by integrity and perseverance he should yet succeed according to his wishes. Three months more had completed my second quarter. The evening subsequent to an

examination I sat up later than usual ; my mind involuntarily strayed to my dear brother. I had previously been haunted by "troubled dreams," when he appeared to be in distress and stretching forth his hands for assistance. I shuddered at the haggardness of his emaciated features. The door of my room communicated with the street. I took up my pen and commenced "My dear Brother," when I heard a gentle tap upon the door. I was alarmed, but stepping forward, inquired "who is there ?" "Emily, dear Emily, let me come in." I knew the voice too well, and the next moment I was in the arms of my brother. "But oh ! why this disguise—why these altered looks—Charles what has befallen you ?" He sobbed aloud. "Yes, Emily," said he, "I am indeed altered ; the cruel fates have frowned upon me and my hopes are *forever* blasted. I am—oh ! how can I say it—I am a tenant of a loathsome jail, and ere the expiration of two weeks I must in all probability take up my abode in a *state prison*." I fainted. How long I remained insensible, I know not, but when I opened my eyes he stood leaning over me and as he kissed my half reanimated cheek I felt the cold sweat upon his brow. "Arise Emily," said he—"arise, for my stay must be short ; before the dawn of morning breaks I must leave you. The vessel is in the harbor which must return me to my dismal abode, or the ruin of a noble hearted man must be the inevitable consequence." "I will go with you,"

said I ; “ I will plead in your behalf : be the *crime* alleged what it may, I can convince them of your innocence—you shall be again set free.” “ No my dear sister, that cannot be,” he replied, “ for my absence by that means must be discovered, and all that is sacredly dear to one must thus be sacrificed. ’Tis to the humanity of the jailor that I am indebted for this farewell visit to you ; my prayers and tears prevailed over his duty, and he trusting to my honor, gave me privately leave of absence for five days, at the same time generously providing me with the means to procure my passage. Next week I am to have my trial, and though innocent, I have but little hope of acquittance.” I then begged permission to accompany him on his return, until he landed, and remain on board till the vessel returned. To this he consented upon condition that I should not disclose our names and residence, and before the “ rosy gates of morn ” were open, while darkness yet pervaded the hemisphere, we stepped on board, and you, sir, were a witness to the anguish of those never to be forgotten hours.

While we were walking the decks he gave me at intervals a succinct account of his misfortunes. He had entered the employment of a merchant of considerable opulence in the village of C——, and by him was sent to convey a large amount of specie to a creditor. He set out upon his journey with the confided treasure deposited in a trunk in the body of his carriage, and stopping at an Inn to relieve his horse, he

sat down in the bar-room to smoke a cigar. While thus employed he was accosted by an arch looking fellow, saying, "why, friend, I admire the make of your coat ; it is not of yankee construction surely," at the same time examining it critically, especially about the pockets, which, by the by, were of recent fashion, and it did not so much surprise my brother. He was detained several minutes by the subsequent questions which the stranger applied in quick succession. When he arrived at his place of destination, he discovered to his amazement that the money had been removed, although the trunk remained in the same posture, and the lock yielded as usual, only to a double turn of the key. He made known his misfortune to the gentleman who was to receive the money, who to my brother's consternation, accused him of being himself the thief, and procuring an immediate warrant had him searched. In his pocket was found a folded paper traced with the following words :—

"Cheer up Vandoorn—perseverance is the only way to wealth ; be *firm*, and the prize shall yet be ours. We will teach a *miser* that we are not wanting in wit.—Yours, faithfully, L. F."

On the coming forth of this paper from his pockets so unexpectedly, of which he had not the least knowledge, an instantaneous flush suffused his cheek, which was by his accusers imputed to *guilt*. He had from the moment of his accusation felt a kind of indignant

defiance, proceeding from a consciousness of his integrity, but now he perceived that the fates were indeed against him, and his fortitude fell.

Sufficient evidence having been produced to warrant his commitment, he was imprisoned, where, after several weeks languishing in hopeless solitude, he was permitted a secret visit to me.

The next week was the time appointed for his trial ; he had no witness, no *friend*, to stand forth in his defence. His employer believed him guilty, and his condemnation was most certain.

My unhappy brother was brought to trial according to his anticipations, but there being some contradictory evidence, he was remanded to await the sitting of the Supreme Court, six months distant. Thus were his sufferings prolonged, and thus my agony protracted by long and painful suspense.

This morning I took up the paper as usual, and casting my eye upon the judicial department, read to my inexpressible joy that my beloved brother had been acquitted. Yes, sweet word, *acquitted*, the evidence adduced, with certain attendant circumstances, rendering the justice of his conviction a matter of doubt in the minds of the jury. A stranger had disposed of a large amount of specie and suddenly disappeared, who was supposed to belong to a party of depredators who had long infested the country, yet by their shrewdness avoided apprehension. From the description of the person suspected, Charles in one moment

recognised the identical *pocket criticiser* and was no longer in doubt as to the manner in which the fatal paper had been introduced.

I am now in hope shortly again to meet him “who was lost and is found—was dead and is alive again.” You, my dear sir, nor your amiable sister, cannot conjecture the happiness that is in store for me. To clasp my beloved brother once more to my arms, to behold him *free*, the gloom of misery exchanged for the smile of joy, must be truly a happiness beyond the power of earth to augment. In my hours of affliction, so intense was that grief which fell like a thunder-clap upon my unprepared heart, I had almost forgotten that I had dedicated myself to a Being whom I believed endowed with supreme wisdom and ever able to save, but now my heart expands in overflowing gratitude to him for his sparing mercies.

I flatter myself you will require no greater assurance of the high consideration in which your memory is held, than the confidential manner in which I have penned these lines. The heart when disburthened of its misery contains more room for exalted friendship, which must ever remain an actuating principle in my heart towards yourself and amiable sister.

EMILY VANDOORN.

To give the reader an adequate idea of the joyful emotion which thrilled the bosom of Major Templeton while perusing the preceding letter, would be impossi-

ble. His natural propensity to "doing good" rose predominant and vibrated upon every nerve as the idea glanced upon his mind, "I have money enough in store, and will assist the brother of my beloved." "Caroline," said he, "let us set out for O—g—h immediately; we will witness the re-uniting happiness of the brother and sister." A few hours afterwards they were standing upon a wharf; a vessel was approaching in which they took passage. Two days had nearly worn away when they discovered the anticipated village. As they approached, the scene became charming beyond description. The sun was casting his last yellow beams upon the Canadian hills—not a cloud was seen to dim the clear blue sky—the river's bosom was tranquil as midnight itself. At a short distance a tributary stream "wended" along, upon whose banks were to be seen "military remains," from which it would seem its waters were fleeing in terror, and committing themselves to a bosom of peace. The village was gradually rising before them in all the splendor of modern art, while from the piazza of one of its noblest buildings, issued the sweet notes of a clarionet, which falling in magic cadence upon the listening wave, passed in reverberating echo to the opposite shore. To complete the scene, a schooner came gliding up the river, its white sails spread, giving it the appearance of an "airy sprite."

As the vessel neared the wharf, the schooner

crowding sail, came alongside ; a tall figure was seen on deck waving a handkerchief. A female form arrayed in white, which was outvied by the color of her face, approached from a by-street and pressing through the crowd of spectators rushed to the schooner's side. "Charles, Charles," she exclaimed—a youth sprang from the deck and Charles and Emily were once more in each other's arms. Tears of joy coursed his manly cheek while she clung to his neck in an ecstasy of unspeakable delight. Major Templeton stood a silent spectator, till emotions beyond the power of endurance, urged him forward. He approached with his sister. "Emily, Miss Vandorn," said he,—she released her embrace and looking up beheld him, who next to her brother, was dearest on earth. She grasped his extended hand with transport, then falling upon the neck of his sister, exclaimed "*my happiness is indeed complete.*" A joy like that which pervaded the breasts of this young couple, defies the power of description. Mr. Vandorn was introduced to Major and Miss Templeton, and from that hour Caroline was his destined bride. Major Templeton sought the hand of the "mysterious passenger," who by her protracted sufferings had wasted away almost beyond credibility, yet that sweetness of expression which had at first captivated his heart, was beaming with renewed and more fascinating charm.

They returned to the mansion of their aunt, where

after settling all concerns, they again took passage together in the same vessel in which a few months before they had met with such a singular introduction, and landing in the deep recess of the Genessee, climbed with alacrity its banks and in a few days they were all settled under Major Templeton's own roof, and Charles Vandoorn an entered partner in his flourishing business.

In the village of Rochester, upon one of its retired streets, may now be seen their happy mansion, whose external walls are ornamented with honeysuckle, woodbine and the shady boughs of the charming locust tree, while the inside apartments are consecrated to friendship, unanimity, hospitality and peace.

“Blest be that spot where gentle guests retire,
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair.

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of “doing good.”

To reduce stock before removal, we offer one-half off on Legal Blanks in this list.

ANNA ROWLAND, OR FOLLY AND ITS EFFECTS.

“A thing of air—not to be blam’d,
“For *human* was that being nam’d.”

It was September. A mid forenoon sun was darting his brilliant rays upon a little white villa situated upon the bank of the Lamoille river, and peeping over the roofs of many lofty mansions, in their impartial course, descended upon a humble cottage.

Mrs. Rowland, the occupant, was impatiently awaiting the appearance of her daughter at the breakfast table, who was as yet detaining the flight of Morpheus in her own chamber. When at length she came down, she was accosted by her mother with “Anna, my dear—shall we have the company of Mr. Peters at tea this evening?” “No, mamma—he

has gone to B—— to-day on urgent business ; but he returns to-night, and the day after tomorrow I am to accompany him to St. Regis.” “ Really ! my child—what a kind, benevolent man he is ; the world may vent its calumny, and villify him as they please, but in despite of all, he is not afraid to pass the dwellings of the great, to bless our humble cottage with his smiles. Did you not think, my dear, he was unusually affable and condescending last evening ? ” “ Oh yes, mamma—and see, after you had retired, he presented me with this beautiful piece of Gros de Naples, in which he says I must appear at St. Regis.”

An unusual good humor pervaded the countenances of the mother and daughter, as they plied their needles through the day to complete the elegant robe.

Mrs. Rowland was a widow, in very dependent circumstances, and with her daughter Anna, occupied a humble, yet rented tenement. Unfortunately they did not possess the “ Pearl of great price,” being destitute of both discretion and discernment. Anna’s ideas were ever the offspring of giddy fancy, consequently she acted from the same impulse. Continual aberrations elicited from the world continual reproach ; but regardless of all, she sought the public eye, where she flitted in gay attire, and seemed the happiest of the maiden throng. She possessed an elegant form, with features almost angelic, which a

virtuous mind would have rendered captivating ; but from the lack of which, by the wise and prudent, she was unnoticed. Many of her hours had been passed in plodding through the pages of poisonous novels, which weakened a previous faulty judgment, until uppermost in her mind's eye stood lords, dukes, etc., to some one of whom, she verily believed she was destined by the Fates.

Thus one Sabbath she entered the village church, where she had scarcely seated herself ere her attention was arrested by a tall, elegant gentleman, who was proceeding up the broad aisle. He appeared to be about thirty, and the ease of his manners and richness of his apparel bespoke him to be a person of high standing. In vain she sought to gain his attention, for she had taken a distant seat ; but scarce had the " Amen ! " passed the clergyman's lips, when she commenced her inquiries of " who was the gentleman with the blue velvet coat and plaited ruffles ? " At length, to her infinite gratification, she learned that it was Squire Peters, the great landholder, who had come to take up his residence for a few months in the village.

The succeeding week she was employed in adjusting her wardrobe, and when the anticipated *Sabbath* morning appeared, awaited with the utmost impatience, the sound of the " church calling bell." The throng passed on—and it was not until the last individual had entered, that she appeared. A light step

was heard, and the assembly involuntarily turned, when a form, lovely as Venus, came forward, arrayed in snow white Swiss, with a profusion of pink trimmings. A leghorn hat, ornamented with artificial flowers, was placed gracefully upon the top of her head, under which a multiplicity of dark curls shaded a forehead of ivory, and a pair of hazle eyes were beaming with "killing expression." The dimples upon her cheeks displayed themselves, as with "stately step, and slow," she passed the seat in which Mr. Peters was located, and turning to one nearly opposite, seated herself by her friend Miss Bridgely. Scarcely had she sat down, ere her eye was directed to the object of her search, who, to her intense gratification, she found had his own fixed upon her with rivetted gaze. A soft flush of the cheek and a modest, downfalling of the eye, were the inevitable consequence, which however did not remain long in "lowly penance," for she somehow became conscious that she had gained an important victory over the preacher, and was herself the object of the stranger's most *particular attention*. Upon leaving the church, she glided past him, and had the felicity of hearing him exclaim, "What angel is that!"

Edward Peters, who was an ardent admirer of the softer sex, was indeed amazingly struck by the charms of Anna Rowland, upon which he expatiated with enthusiasm. As we have described his noble,

manly form, it is added with regret, that he was one of those unprincipled beings, who make the gratification of self their leading aim. He was wealthy and claimed affinity with many very opulent and respectable families. Yet an early acquaintance with the vices of the world, had rendered him misanthropic, and his breast was callous to the calls of pity and benevolence. He introduced himself to the lowly cottage of Mrs. Rowland, where the reception he met, induced him to renew his visits. In vain the friend of humanity whispered in Anna's ear, "*beware!*"—the warning she thought was dictated by envy, and to receive the attentions of so rich a man as Esq. Peters, was a felicity—a realization of romance, too great to resign.

The impatiently waited for hour, at length arrived, and arrayed in her Gros de Naples, Anna was seated beside Mr. Peters, and on her way to the famous town of St. Regis, the meeting of whose mighty waters had been celebrated beyond the Atlantic Ocean. The eccentric tribe of Indians were to feed her gaze, and fancy brought to her mind pleasures unnumbered—honors untold—and an elevation, upon which she could look *down* upon her envious advisers, and triumph over their scorn.

One week elapsed, and she returned, happy—happy in the continued smiles of Mr. Peters—happy in the package of rich presents which proceeded from his

bounty—and happy in the approval of her fond, but short-sighted mother. Thus week followed week, and Anna had already begun to anticipate her *bridal* dress. Mr. Peters had promised, that when his business was completed, he would conduct her to Philadelphia, where, she doubted not, she was to become his bride.

“Fatal dream—delusion all.”

A few weeks passed, when it was observed that Anna had become very sedate, and rumor whispered that Mr. Peters was growing remiss in his attentions, though he was still seen occasionally to enter the cottage; when one morning Mrs. Rowland was seen early abroad, and the query was heard from her, “Have you seen my Anna?” She was indeed missing, as was her apparel also, which excited in the mind of her mother the greatest alarm. Upon inquiry, it was found that Mr. Peters was absent also, and that she had *eloped* with him, there could be no doubt. The agony of the deserted mother was intense, and she did now reflect—reflect with deep sorrow upon her own imprudence. She had believed that his attentions were honorable, and as many females of lowly birth had been *raised* by marriage, she had flattered herself that such was to be the lot of her child, the advantages from which she hoped herself to share.

After the expiration of a few days, Mr. Peters returned ; but he was not to be questioned concerning Anna. He assumed a haughty mien, the prayers and tears of her wretched mother being unregarded. He even wounded her by reproaches. “ If she was not herself the guardian of her daughter’s footsteps—if *she* permitted her to aberrate from the rules of virtue and propriety—was *he* to be questioned concerning her failings, and did she presume to call *him* to account ? ”

No legal measures could be taken to enforce an explanation, and the unhappy mother was doomed to pass months in agonizing suspense as to the fate of her daughter. Mr. Peters took an indifferent leave, and returned to his home ; while inquiries were prosecuted with no effect.

* * * * *

The inhabitants of G———r, a Canadian frontier, were aroused one morning by the solemn sound of the tolling bell, and anxiously inquired who had been summoned from their number, by unexpected death. No answer could be obtained, and they were about to conclude that some unseen angel had descended and pulled the rope, as a warning to a dire calamity which must be approaching, when a woman came forward and confessed the whole.

“It is a *stranger*,” said she, “who came to my house about three months ago, as a private boarder. She said her name was Anna—and was a young lady of much beauty; but a mystery was attached to her history, which I am unable to explain. She was accompanied by a gentleman, who appeared to be much her superior—who stated that he wished to commit her to my care for a few weeks, when he would return and take her away, at the same time remunerating me in advance. I am inclined to think he is not what he *should* be, though the young lady seemed to place implicit confidence in him, and was hourly expecting his return, when she was taken suddenly ill, and after languishing a few days, expired this morning, in my arms. I shall never forget the earnestness with which, in her dying struggles, she called upon Mr. Peters, and desired me to look out and see if he was not coming.”

This singular account was published, and it met the eye of Mrs. Rowland. She hastened to the village of G———r, and rested not till she entered the dwelling of Mrs. L——, where her eye was instantly attracted to the Gros de Naples robe, which hung suspended from the frame of the now vacant bed. Suspense was instantly at end, and she exclaimed in a paroxysm of painful emotion, “Oh my God!—it was—it *was* my Anna.” As she paced the room, wringing her hands, and venting her bitter tears, she beheld a cradle, in which was a

sleeping infant. "It was *hers*," said Mrs. L——. "Oh Heavens!—was that my Anna's child?"—and the frantic mother fainted.

Let the joyless dwelling of the desolate widow, with the grave of the infant by its side, bespeak the warning of wisdom—"Listen not to the voice of the charmer," &c.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

AMELIA H—— was an orphan. She had been early adopted by her uncle, Mr. Francis Horton, an eminent lawyer, by whom she was nurtured in the most tender and affectionate manner, he ever supplying the place of a kind and indulgent father. Not thus with Mrs. Horton. Though she had but one child on whom to lavish her fondness, the little orphan Amelia was to her an object of cold and rigid indifference, and those maternal caresses, so indispensable to the happiness of juvenile years, to her were unknown. In the presence of her uncle, she was lively, social, and endearing ; but by his frequent and long absence from home, she gradually imbibed habits of melancholy.

Though Mrs. H—— had acquired the title of a tender mother, yet she was said to be a person of peculiar propensities. In her manners she was easy,

affable, and frank ; while to those whom her *fancy* singled out as objects worthy of her notice, these qualities were displayed without reserve ; and to become a *favorite* of hers, was a felicity too great to fall to the lot of *many*, so unwearied were her exertions, and so gratifying the methods by which she strove to please. To the contrary, her prejudices were equally pointed, and highly detrimental ; and not a few were doomed to feel the point of her lash. Where once she had taken a dislike, the most merciless persecution was sure to follow ; nothing could serve to ameliorate or soften her bitterness. Unhappily for Amelia, it was her lot to fall under the last mentioned number ; and though possessing every amiable quality, gentle, modest, unassuming, and sincere, yet the affections of Mrs. H—— were not to be yielded to her, and she existed in the presence of her aunt, destitute of all that tenderness—that cordiality so necessary to call forth the natural propensities to affectionate friendship that struggled in her bosom.

Years passed on, and she grew a “ lone neglected flower.” One bosom alone participated in her sorrows, and imparted the balm of sympathy. Elena Seymour was the happy child of fond parents, and her bosom felt and bled for the sorrows of her orphan friend. Yet stolen interviews were all they were permitted to enjoy, so vigilant was Mrs. H—— and

so oppressive the cares that were entailed upon Amelia.

With her uncle, as we have said, she was habitually social and familiar; consequently he did not sufficiently realize the peculiarities of her situation, nor the increasing melancholy that was gathering upon her, as she was too noble to wound his peace by a recital of her aunt's failings. Every one became lavish in praise of the lovely Amelia, who had now just entered her fifteenth year; and often was the question passed from one to another, "Why does not Mrs. Horton better love and cherish that interesting girl?"

At length Amelia obtained leave of her uncle to spend a few months with a relative of her deceased father, who resided in a pleasant village upon the banks of Lake Champlain. Thither she went, where she met the most affectionate reception, and where she received every advantage in their power to impart. Sweet were the hours of affectionate converse she there enjoyed, and when she thought of Mrs. H——, and the cheerless corner in which it was her lot to sit in silence and unnoticed, the contrast was so painful, that she said to herself, "Much as I love and revere my kind uncle, I cannot return to his cheerless roof again." But at *his* solicitation, she did again return, and the cold reception she met from her aunt, was too much for her sensibilities to support—she resigned the splendors of a superb man-

sion, where happiness she could not find, and once more returned to the cordial embrace of her true friends, Mr. and Mrs. D——, who, though not affluent, were highly respected, and moved in the best circle the vicinity afforded.

One afternoon, as Mrs. D—— and Amelia were sitting alone, engaged in interesting conversation, a rap upon the door announced a visitor. A friend of Mr. D——'s entered, accompanied by a gentleman of most prepossessing appearance, whom he introduced as a Mr. Goodwin from New York. Mrs. D—— instantly recognized him as a playmate in childhood. The meeting was cordial and affectionate, on both sides, and he was importuned to pass a few days with them, to which he readily assented. How greatly surprised and pleased were they, when they learned from inquiry, that their truant schoolmate Eugene, was now Col. Goodwin, and one of the most active merchants in New York.

The evening passed pleasantly to the greeting friends, and though Amelia was not talkative, yet she now and then ventured a remark, which indicated that she was not insensible to the enjoyment of her friends. She had been introduced to Col. G——, as their "Orphan Cousin," and her modesty of demeanor, together with the sense and propriety of her conversation, soon gained his notice; and when upon inquiry the next day, he learned her unhappy history, his attentions became redoubled, and ere he de-

parted, he signified to Mr. and Mrs. D—— his intention to address her, and if possible win her affections, which was assented to by them unhesitatingly.

* * * * *

Twelve months afterward, a splendid carriage, with a black driver in attendance, was seen turning a corner and advancing to the dwelling of Mr. D——. It was Col. Goodwin—come to claim the heart he had happily won—and Amelia was now to become his bride. Her wedding robe, of the richest material, had been selected, and presented by himself. Her invaluable friend, Elena Seymour, was already present, who was to act as *chosen bridesmaid*. A general invitation was circulated through the neighborhood, and Mr. Horton and Lady were also invited; but unfortunately he was confined by indisposition, and thus prevented from witnessing the happiness of his beloved niece, which sufficed as a proper excuse for the non-attendance of her aunt also.

In a few days, having obtained leave of Miss Seymour's parents for her to accompany them, they bade adieu to the "Green Mountains of Vermont," and repaired to his beautiful residence in the city. A less sensible heart than Amelia's must have been happy in a situation like hers. In Col. G—— she

found the most kind and affectionate husband ; in his associates, amiable and constant friends, and in his mansion, plenty and peace.

But an event soon occurred which damped her felicity, and for a while shrouded her mind in gloom. It was the death of her beloved uncle. She assumed the mourner's garb, and for a few days almost refused to be comforted.

Years sped on rapid wing, and no intelligence had reached her from Madam Horton. She had now become the joyful mother of two little cherub babes, to whom they had given the names of Elena and Francis. Her earthly bliss seemed complete. June, the month of flowers, had arrived. She took the arm of her husband, and with each a prattler by the hand, they sallied forth, to enjoy a morning walk. An unusual animation flushed the cheek of Amelia, as she viewed the glorious works of nature ; listened to the aerial songsters, and thought upon the bountifulness of that Creator who bestows so many blessings for the enjoyment of unworthy creatures. She thought of her orphanage—of her destitution—and she sought a comparison between former days and the present—when her eye suddenly rested upon an indifferently clad female, who was advancing upon the same side of the walk, and from whom, as she drew nearer, they heard the query, “ Pray sir, can you direct me to the dwelling of Col. Goodwin ? ”

They started—the voice was familiar—Amelia looked again—yes—it was indeed *Lady Horton*!

She was nearly fainting when Amelia accosted her, and a crimson flush followed the salutation. Though shocked and surprised, they immediately invited her to their house; and when they listened to the trials and distresses that she had encountered, the tear of sympathy flowed freely from their eyes.

Upon the death of Mr. Horton, it was found after an investigation, that his property could not answer demands—it was sold—the widow and her son were left homeless and penniless. Her friends had been few, and that few deserted her in adversity. Her son, spoiled by indulgence, became dissipated, and regardless of the claims of a dependent mother, had gone to “parts unknown.” She had come humbly to crave a refuge—an asylum from want, in the peaceful and well furnished mansion of that Amelia whom, in her better days, she had treated with such unfeeling cruelty and neglect. She was received—and Amelia and her kind husband strove by every means in their power, to render her remaining days comfortable and happy.

Thus virtue meets its reward, and thus Providence avenges the injuries of the innocent. Thus did he see fit to bring about a “transformation,” which to Lady Horton was as little expected, as to the once

mourning and desolate Amelia. But she is now in her grave—while Col. and Mrs. Goodwin still live, moving in the highest ranks, and blessings are invoked upon them by hundreds of the poor, who have shared their generous bounty.

LOVE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

IN a mountainous part of the state of Vermont, where nature is arrayed in its greatest variety and most romantic dresses, stood an elegant mansion. Although not ornamented with turrets and towers, yet to the passing traveller it presented a magnificent appearance, which, however, was far surpassed by the surrounding scenery.

On the eastern side, a stream of considerable magnitude wound its way through the bosom of a green meadow, on which numerous animals were seen feeding and bounding in playful frolic. The surface of the stream was smooth and tranquil, and the reflection upon its bosom of the trees, shrubs and flowers, which grew upon its banks, imparted to the beholder almost a belief that there was *magic* blended with the scene.

The western side of this domain was bounded by a lofty hill, which rose gradually, until it terminated in a lofty summit, which was ornamented with white birches, in whose branches the “melodious tribe” sought a refuge from disturbing art, and around their securely implanted dwellings in the branches of the trees, chanted their melodious strains in sweet numbers. It was a lovely spot, where the inmates of the mansion often ascended with their guests to gaze with admiration on the scene below.

The mansion, with its various appurtenances, which to the eye of the traveller indicated an approach to some little villa—the gentle stream, pursuing its serpentine course through the now distant meadow and an adjoining wood, where its course was distinctly marked for miles, as it traversed its way to the Canadian province—together with a town in the distance, whose glittering steeples displayed the pride and dignity of art, completed the view.

Mr. Leving, the owner of the mansion, had five children—three sons and two daughters. Albert, the subject of this narrative, was then in his twenty-first year. The indulgence of kind parents had endowed him with a liberal education, which, together with the pleasing gifts bestowed by nature, rendered him an interesting companion. Possessing solid sense, together with a mind cultivated by education, he surmounted that pride and vanity which too often gains ascendancy over the youthful mind,

and taxing his reflective powers, obtained a self discipline.

Soon after his return from college, his attention became attracted by a young female, who resided in the family as a domestic. Her name was Louisa B——; scarcely seventeen years of age. She was modest, and from the situation in which she was placed as a domestic, she was retiring and diffident. Her form was of elegant mould; and her features, although not shiningly beautiful, were still regular, and there was an expression in her dark hazle eye, and an ease in her motion, which could not fail to attract notice. He at first merely felt regret, that a being, to appearance so interesting—so intelligent, and so sensitive, should be fated to waste its sweetness in the confines of a dreary kitchen; but day after day, as he saw her flitting before him, and occasionally caught a glimpse of her soul-speaking eye, his pity began to transform to admiration. He sought opportunities to address her, and to all his remarks she replied with so much propriety, that ere he became aware, a tenderness had sprung up in his bosom. He left the society of his mother and sisters, to seek the lonely one at her daily toilsome avocations, where with friendly assiduity he sought to discover the worth of a soul in which he already felt himself but too deeply interested. This was not to pass unregarded by his mother and more vigilant sisters, who, though naturally mild and amiable, yet

the love of greatness had been early instilled upon their minds, where a limited education had permitted it to take deep root; and consequently, there could be no worth, no respectability, no claim to notice, in their opinions, where there were not riches and honors to ensure it. They would have thought it the greatest disgrace that could befall their illustrious family, to see one of its members connected with a poor "Plebian servant," of their own household.

One evening the moon was shining with unsullied splendor, and all nature seemed as if tranquilized by its mellow beams. Louisa stole softly from the "scene of her toiling," and stepping lightly over the verdant mead, seated herself beneath the shadowy branches of a favorite willow upon the bank of the stream, where she indulged in a train of melancholy reflections. The image of Albert Leving, all noble and amiable as he was, obtruded upon her thoughts. The language of *sympathy*, when uttered to a heart of sensibility, leaves a deep impression. She felt that he was the most perfect being in creation, and that gratitude in her bosom must continue unabated through life. She was unhappy—she knew not why—and in the overflow of her heart's emotions she exclaimed, "Oh Albert!—dear, noble Albert!—it was not till I met with *thee*, that I thought upon my *lowly* situation with feelings of sorrow and regret."—Just as the last word escaped her lips she

was aroused by a tap on the shoulder, and suddenly springing up, found herself by the side of Albert Leving. Unconscious that Louisa was abroad, and feeling himself in pensive mood, he stepped out, and involuntarily took the same path, where, as he proceeded indulging his own reflections, he was aroused by the sound of her voice, uttering the foregoing exclamation. His surprise was only equalled by his joy, and taking her arm in his, they wandered upon the banks of the flowing stream, where in the fulness of his heart, he revealed to her *all* its emotions—"Yes, dearest Louisa," said he, "I feel that I cannot be happy without you—earth can possess no charm for me, unless the blessing of your society be added—*you are my first and only love*—but alas! I greatly fear that my friends, infected as they are with false notions of greatness and honors, will never consent to our union—yet only say that you will be mine—that you will share my fate, and I will here solemnly swear, in the presence of Heaven, and all those shining stars above—that I will wed no one but you."

They separated and returned to the mansion—he to his splendid apartment decorated with every ornament, and she to her humble cot. The jealousy of his mother and sisters had already been excited—and their vigilance soon discovered that the objects of their watch had both been absent at the same

hour. But morning beamed again, and Albert entered the parlor, where a sullen silence pervaded—his *dignified* mother and *stately* sisters were there, yet the familiar sound of “good morning,” was not heard; and he felt assured that a storm—an inevitable storm, was fast gathering. There was something upon the brow of his mother that deeply affected him; to her he had ever felt himself peculiarly attached; she had never in the course of her life given him an unkind word, and he was accustomed to resort to her for advice in every emergency, when her soothing power was never without its effect in tranquilizing his disturbed mind. He felt that she was dearer to him than life, and he would have made *almost* any sacrifice, to render her happy—but this—*this* was a case upon which his own happiness *entirely* depended—“and shall I,” he said to himself, “shall I sacrifice my dearest earthly hope, to a mistaken sentiment deeply rooted in the minds of my mother and sisters?”

Scarcely was the breakfast equipage removed, ere the assault commenced. Albert was considerably agitated at first; but dissimulation was not in his nature. He frankly owned his attachment to the innocent Louisa, and interceded for permission to make her his own. His father was thunderstruck at this declaration, but the mother and sisters were mute with anger, until he attempted to portray the

merits of Louisa, when they instantly called her into the room and dismissed her from their service, with orders to leave *immediately*, and never to disgrace them by a second appearance.

This was a shock to Albert, who stood petrified with astonishment and grief—while the terrified and trembling Louisa disappeared. In vain did he attempt to excite their pity for an injured and helpless female—they were inexorable; when at last, leaving his persecutors, he hastened, in order to console, if possible, her who for *his* sake, had been thus *victimised*; but she was already gone—and he was never again to behold her to whom he had confided his heart, and to whom he felt that he was, in soul, inseparably united.

He retired to his chamber, and throwing himself upon a sofa, gave vent to a flood of tears. Again he strove to reflect; from earliest infancy he had felt a reverence for his mother, superior to that duty which he had ever paid his less passionate father. She was literally his sole guide; consequently his feelings were doubly aggravated by a sense of *her* displeasure. “And shall I,” said he, “sacrifice her happiness, and the affection and unanimity of the family, to the indulgence of an attachment which they disapprove? Ah! no—it must not be—I will conquer it—and restore peace. But my *vow*—yes—I will keep it sacredly—and though I resign my love

to the peace of those by whom I am connected by nature's ties, yet will I never wed any other."

Thus did he resolve—and thus did he perform. He wrote to Louisa a letter, in which he portrayed the bitterness of his feelings—the inflexibility of his parents, and the conviction that it was his duty to sacrifice his *own* happiness to promote that of the authors of his being, exhorted her to fortitude, and concluded with the assurance of unchanging affection.

A melancholy gathered upon him; he shunned society; the meadow and its winding stream were the chief place of his resort, where for hours he set in deep and sad reverie—books, which had ever before been seized with avidity, were now tasteless and insipid. The pen he could not wield—his ideas were distant and unconnected. In short, all those rich qualities with which his mind had been so abundantly adorned, were fated to inaction. A blight had come over him, which no human power could remove; his faculties became dormant, and renovation hopeless.

He remained in the paternal mansion till his brothers and sisters had all departed; till his parents themselves were laid in the silent grave; and then he did not leave it—the sole inhabitant of that now desolate tenement—he lives alone—a solitary recluse—cheerless and unconsoled—not pulseless, but heart-

less—dead to every social feeling ; and completely sundered from the chain that binds man to man. Reader ! hast thou sensibility ? dost thou know the value of high intellect ? come with me—look in at the door of that old dilapidated mansion—behold a *human wreck*.

A TRAVELLING ADVENTURE.

It was a lovely day in June—I had just arose from breakfast table, when the ringing of the steamboat bell reminded me that it was time to seek my lot among its motley passengers.

I had never been on board a steamboat, and when I stepped from the wharf upon deck and saw it in motion, with the land receding from view, my emotions became indescribable. I looked around upon my fellow passengers for some one to whom I might impart my feelings, but there was no recognition of feature ; every face was new, and to my hasty imagination, every heart was cold.

I seated myself upon deck and became completely engrossed by varying scenery that constantly met my view. I was now gliding upon the waters of the noble St. Lawrence river—scarce a breeze whispered to disturb the tranquillity of its bosom. The sun was

shining in noon splendor, and the glassy surface of the waters reflected thousands of beauteous images. Green mantled islands, like fairy castles, were continually approaching and receding, while the white sails of the schooners, which at first appeared but a speck in the distance, gradually neared till their wide spreading folds were almost flapping over us.

Never shall I forget my pleasing emotions while sailing upon this most delightful of rivers.

Whose praise, the muse on lofty wing,
May strive, but strive in vain to sing.

But we reluctantly bade it adieu and launched upon the broad and turbulent waters of Ontario. The view was now entirely diversified—instead of the placid river with the vernal life upon its banks, we saw but one wide waste of waters, without an object upon which to rest the eye. As we were rapidly propelled over its huge and threatening waves, I could not but reflect how much it resembled the journey of life. In youth we sail tranquilly upon a lovely river, whose fanciful surface displays neither shoals nor quicksands; our hearts beat in unison with its even wave; but we are gradually conducted upon a broad ocean, whose roaring billows (cares and sorrows) are threatening continually to engulf us, and we look to the star of hope to guide us, even as we were then looking for the light-house which was to conduct us to a tranquil haven.

At length its distant glimmer appeared, and we anchored at the beautiful village of Sacket's Harbor. In the morning I ascended the upper deck, where I had a most delightful view of the place. The harbor itself is romantically situated, and many vessels were lying quietly within, but the objects most to interest the traveller are the military barracks, fortifications, &c. We left this lovely spot and in a few hours found ourselves at anchor before the populous, but less interesting village of Oswego. The inhabitants appeared to be deep fraught with curiosity, as they thronged upon the decks until we were near suffocation; but happily our stay was short; the deck was cleared, and we were happy again to *breathe* freely. When morning again opened her "rosy gates" we found ourselves quietly reposing in the *mouth* of the Genesee river. Within a few paces on shore was an indifferent looking Inn, to which I repaired, and was not a little amused to find that I was then in *Greece*.

There was nothing in the interior of the building to interest, and I went into the piazza, where I stood gazing upon the mighty waters whose trackless bosom I had braved, when my attention was arrested by the arrival of a chaise, from which a handsome female, assisted by a gentleman of most prepossessing appearance, was descending. I felt an instantaneous conviction that her features were familiar, yet when or where I had seen her I could not determine. At

length I accosted her—"I think, madam, I have seen you elsewhere—am I mistaken?" Her face was instantly suffused with crimson, as she replied, "I think not." But the impression was not to be done away, and I had the *impertinence* to question her still further. "You are about to take a passage over the lake, are you not?" "Yes; I am on my way to Kingston." "Have not I seen you in Vermont?" "It is my native place." "Florella Cambell of L——." "Yes." "Good heavens,—do I see you here?"

At this moment the gentleman who accompanied her entered and informed her that he had engaged a passage, and the vessel was to sail immediately. She hastily arose and introduced me to Mr. Staunton, then taking his arm bade me adieu, and with animated step proceeded to the vessel. I gazed anxiously after them, overwhelmed with painful recollections. A few minutes only had passed when I heard the wild piercing shrieks of a female—the vessel was underweigh, and I distinctly saw the white robes of Florella, and she paced the deck wringing her hands and giving vent to loud lamentations. Soon I beheld Mr. Staunton approaching. "I conjure you, sir," said I, "to explain to me the painful scene I am witnessing." "You have had former acquaintance with Miss Cambell," said he, "and may be aware that her deportment has not been such as to reflect credit upon herself nor her friends. I am

truly sorry to make this confession, but am led to it by way of extenuating what to you may appear like baseness in myself. I will, if you please, give a brief account of my first acquaintance and subsequent intercourse with her, leaving you to judge how far I am culpable. I first met with her about three months since in the city of Rochester. I was idly sauntering in the Arcade, when I observed a lady of surpassing beauty walking up to the post-office and heard her inquire, 'A letter for Florella Cambell, sir?' The answer was in the negative, and a thoughtless friend of mine stepping up saluted her, and gave me an introduction. Her beauty was fascinating, and I, a weak mortal, felt its power. I begged for her address, which she gave me, and I soon became her devoted admirer. Notwithstanding I had a wife whom I fondly loved, yet was I led by this 'syren Eve' to forget my sacred obligations and bow at her fatal shrine. At length remorse preyed upon me and I felt sincere compunction. Calling upon her one evening, I stated the necessity of absenting myself; to which she strenuously remonstrated, assuring me that if I deserted her, she would expose me to my wife—my constant, faithful Eliza. The thought of breaking *her* heart excited me to stratagem, and I proposed to accompany her to Kingston. Depositing with the captain of the vessel a sum sufficient to defray her passage, I accompanied her on board, then stepped off, as she supposed for my trunk, but in reality to

escape from one who has meted out sorrow for my future days.”

The stage having come to the door, in which I had bespoken a seat, I assured Mr. Staunton that his treatment of Florella was, in my opinion, such as the world at large must justify, and wishing him strength for the performance of his virtuous resolutions, bade him farewell. Reclining upon my seat, I soon fell into a train of sober reflections. Poor, misguided, unhappy Florella, thought I. I knew her once when the parental roof was her shelter, and she smiled and caroled one of a happy train of sisters. How reversed is now her lot. Possessing uncommon beauty of person, together with a lively and ready wit, she became in the eyes of her devoted parents, almost superhuman, her inclinations being sacredly indulged; and while she was digressing from the ways of virtue and innocence, the tongues that *should* have restrained her were palsied by admiration, until by one fatal step, she forfeited the respect and esteem of every virtuous heart. Many were the admirers that sought by *flattery* to win her smiles, until the “song of love” had drowned every moral principle of her nature. Then came a *forbidden one*—one who had solemnly plighted his vows to another, and the day of their marriage union had been named. With him she eloped and went to a distant land, leaving an amiable and heart-broken young lady to wear out her days in disappointment and sorrow.

But the heart that had broken its *first* tie, was not to be chained by a conquest thus effected, and he soon deserted her in a land of strangers, where she sought by her still brilliant charms to obtain new victims. May she turn from the evil of her ways and once more return to her desolated home, and cheer, by a new course of conduct, the declining days of a heart-stricken parent.

THE VICTIM TO AN ERROR.

NEAR a populous village in the province of Lower Canada, stood the dwelling of Mr. Sumner; the picturesque scenery around which, excited the beholder to sensations of peculiar admiration. The dwelling itself, a magnificent edifice, was nearly surrounded by a grove of youthful maples, through an opening in which, upon one side, the eye fell upon the beautiful waters of the Sorelle river, and following its course one hundred rods, rested upon the towering steeples, elegant mansions, and decaying fortifications of St. Johns.

Mr. Sumner, though professedly an agriculturist, was nevertheless a man of wealth and opulence. Born and nurtured in "Brittania's Isle," he early emigrated to the Province, and in one of his secular excursions into the State of Vermont, met with a Miss Ormsby, whose artless manners, amiable disposition,

and beauty of person, won his affections, and though "free born" she nevertheless yielded her heart a *slave* to the captivating graces of an Englishman, and condescended to share with him the rural delights of his charming seat upon the banks of the Sorelle. Although recoiling at first from the rude manners and uncultivated tastes of the inhabitants generally, yet she was very happy in the society of her husband, and derived supreme happiness from rambling with him over their extensive domain, which was richly variegated with hills, dales, cultivated fields and grassy lawns.

To complete their happiness they were blessed with offspring. The same hour presented to their arms a pair of cherub twins, a son and daughter, to whom they had given the names of George and Martha—the former after Mr. Sumner's most gracious sovereign, George III, and the latter in honor of the wife of Mrs. Sumner's adored chief, George Washington.

As the little prattlers advanced to maturity, no pains were spared to give them an education suitable to their rank and expectations, until the aspiring Mr. Sumner had the felicity of hearing them complimented in every circle. Although bearing in feature an exact resemblance, yet in disposition there was a sensible reverse. George, though of an affable deportment, was possessed of a high, uncontrollable spirit, subject to frequent irritation—to whatever

purpose his mind was bent, passion led him to an extreme. "My son," said Mrs. Sumner, "partakes unaccountably the propensities of his *arbitrary* namesake—but my daughter is moulded after softer, gentler, and purer spirits." She was indeed placid, meek, patient, moderately ardent, yet deeply affectionate. An unusual share of delicate sensibility, exposed her heart to frequent wounds from the hasty indiscretions of her brother, who was nevertheless sincerely attached to her, and no amusement to him was complete unless shared by his sister.

The happy hours of childhood had flitted on buoyant wings and hopes of the future came smiling in all their illusive brightness. Through the influence of his father, George had been appointed to an office, which in a few days was to call him from the quietness of "Sumner Grove" to the "distracting din" of Montreal. They were verging upon nineteen, and the evening previous to the anniversary of their birth, Mrs. Sumner proposed that the day should be celebrated. An invitation accordingly went forth to all the youth in the village, who were to assemble in "Sumner Grove" and impart their customary wishes and congratulations to the brother and sister, who now for the first time in life were to be separated. George was in raptures—he repaired to the richly ornamented maples and strove by every invention in his power to render it an earthly paradise. Settees were placed in the arbors—the branches of the trees

were interwoven with each other, while festoons of flowers were gaily interspersed among the boughs. *One* seat was placed more prominent than the rest and ornamented with violets, which was intended by the artist as emblematic of his sister's virtues, who was to occupy it in the capacity of rural queen, and place the roseate wreath that hung beside it upon the brow of "him whom she delighted to honor."

The company had assembled in groups, and the grove soon began to resound with merry voices. Accompanied by her brother, Martha entered, arrayed in pure white, with a wreath of violets upon her bosom, and was led by him to her destined *throne*, where each one severally approached and in the height of enthusiasm sought to rival one another by an excess of high wrought sentiment. Last of all approached a hitherto unseen *stranger*, and bowing profoundly, "Madam," said he, "your friends have saluted you with complimentary wishes, which to a heart tinctured with pride and vanity, must be infinitely gratifying, but judging your own differently, I give—

Be *wisdom* thy patron—be *virtue* thy aim,
And a heart whose perfections shall screen thee from blame."

The peculiar accent with which he delivered these extemporaneous lines, together with a corresponding expression of feature, as he turned pensively away and seated himself alone, produced an instantaneous effect upon the mind of Martha—a something like a

long past dream flitted before her—yet the powers of recollection, with all the mystery she could assume, were not able to clear away the misty fold which hung before her mind's eye, and excited to agitation, she knew not why, she arose, and taking the wreath, passed several times through the circle formed by her expectant friends, then suddenly approaching the stranger, placed it upon *his* brow. Astonishment pervaded every one, as rising, the youth modestly imprinted upon the cheek of his fair patroness a kiss, and politely led her back to a seat.

Notwithstanding the whisperings that followed in rapid succession, no one was able to divine who the *favoured* stranger might be. Those of her admirers who had most hoped for, and found themselves disappointed of the anticipated honor, began to treat him with sarcasms, which being by him apprehended, he took an early opportunity to approach Miss Sumner, saying in a low voice, “Madam, my thanks for the distinction with which you have honored me, excuse my abrupt departure—I am no longer welcome here, accept my card, and permit me to hope for farther acquaintance.” So saying, he bowed and walked slowly away.

Servants entered with a collation, consisting of every variety the epicure could desire, and amusements followed, but Martha took no more a part. Her eye had rested on the card—“L. L. Chilton, M——, Vermont.” The blood rushed to her cheek.

Yes; it was the son of her mother's dearest friend whom she had once seen, when in juvenile years she accompanied her mother on a visit to her relatives in Vermont, and whom she had since heard lauded in the most agreeable terms, exciting an undefinable desire to behold him who had become her "beau ideal" of all that was excellent, and whose sentiments she fancied were in exact unison with her own.

The company, little satisfied with their presiding queen, left at an early hour, and Martha hastened to her parents to impart the interesting intelligence conveyed by the card, which she still held in her hand, where the writer leaves her a few moments for the purpose of introducing a few remarks.

'Twas the year 1816, just after the severe struggle between the United States and Great Britain had terminated, and the joyful announcement of peace that followed, while the minds of many were still agitated by emotions of animosity and revenge. Mr. Sumner, who was a *monarchist* in the true sense of the term, had sought early to instil his principles upon the mind of his son, which had taken deep root and flourished upon the unnatural soil of his heart in a manner not to be exterminated. Mrs. Sumner, on the contrary, had never been able to eradicate the precious seeds of *republicanism* which had been implanted in her bosom by nature and nurtured by reason. Though she found herself transplanted to a different soil, yet she could not hear her beloved

country and its laws reviled and aspersed without feelings of indignation, and often was prompted to retaliate, by referring to the meanness of submitting to *kingly rule*—but prudence with her was ever at hand, and she stifled the emotion ere it burst forth. Martha reciprocated her mother's sentiments most cordially, and felt a real partiality for the patriotic people who had so bravely defended their "rights" and preferred death to *slavery*. She viewed liberty as a sacred boon—a peculiar gift—bestowed by indulgent Heaven, and designed to bless and happify an intelligent people, while monarchy went hand in hand with oppression, spreading darkness and misery in all their paths.

The evening subsequent to the anniversary, Mr. Sumner and his family had retired to the "Garden Saloon" for the purpose of inhaling a fresh breeze from the bosom of the river and to enjoy a farewell "tete-a-tete" with George, who the following morning was to take his departure. Martha sat pensively viewing the tattered British flag, as it waved above the fort, when a servant entered and approaching her said, "A gentleman who looks as if he might be of kin to the Governor of the Canadas, desires me to say to you—Mr. Chilton." George started from his seat—"Is it that paltry Yankee," said he, "that intruded himself upon our festival and destroyed our sport, Martha?—if so, I will be his *escort*, but not to your presence." Mr. Sumner smiled—his wife and

daughter blushed, and rising hastily preceded George to the parlor, where they met their guest and extended a most cordial welcome. The rising spirit of George did not permit him long to stop in the room, and he joined his father on a walk to the village.

Left thus alone with their interesting visitor, the time was improved to the satisfaction of all. It was a long time since Mrs. Sumner had heard from her beloved village of M——, and her inquiries were many and minute ; but when she spoke of his mother, the long and dearly cherished friend of her heart, tears forced their way and forbade utterance. A tear coursed the manly cheek of Chilton, which was noted by Miss Sumner with peculiar emotion, as she felt for the first time in her life that she had met with one whose correspondent feelings might render her happy. On her leaving the room to order some refreshments, Mr. Chilton frankly informed her mother that his visit to St. Johns was purposely undertaken on her daughter's account—that the impressions he had received from an interview while in childhood, he had found it impossible to erase, which with the perusal of some of her late letters to his mother, had determined him upon seeking to win her affections. He had lately established himself with flattering prospects in the practice of law, and feeling tired of the vanities of the world, wished to settle down with a companion, who could participate in the enjoyment of “reasonable pursuits,” and such an one to his mind's

eye appeared Miss Sumner to be, and he solicited permission to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with her daughter.

George had now taken his leave, and Martha was left to comparative loneliness. Who is there, whose heart has once beat to parental affection, whose bosom has been cheered by a smile from *brother* or *sister*, but droops at the privation and inclines to hours of melancholy? Martha however, found a speedy relief, for she learned from her mother that Loring Chilton was intending to spend a few weeks at St. Johns, and though he insisted that his *home* should be at the hotel, nevertheless, he became a daily visitor at "Sumner Grove," where he was ever received by Martha with a welcome smile. Each succeeding interview more fully convinced them that they were of congenial mould; and he, having made a declaration of his attachment, solicited with her leave the consent of her parents to their union. Mrs. Sumner assented unhesitatingly, but her husband demurred; he had rather his son-in-law, that was to be, should boast pure English origin. His soul was still smarting under the wound of political conquest, yet he turned his reflections to another point, and was reminded of the sacrifice his beloved Sophia had made when she married an Englishman, and renounced her blessed home for *his* sake—and he consented.

One thing yet remained—and when Chilton said, "Your brother, my love," she turned pale and trem-

bled. Yet they wrote conjointly to him, soliciting in the most affectionate terms his presence at the ceremony which was to unite their fates inseparably.

Preparations were in forwardness for the approaching wedding, after which Mr. and Mrs. Sumner were to accompany the groom and his bride to M——. The idea of a separation from their child was softened by a promise from Mr. Chilton, that once in two years she should spend three months under the parental roof.

Joys of peculiar brightness are generally followed by unlooked for pain, and such was the realization of the Sumner family, when one evening the opening mail presented them with a letter from George. It was dictated in the most violent terms—forbidding his sister even to *think* of such a thing as uniting herself to a *cursed Yankee*, which was followed by threats and imprecations; and to conclude, he vowed that in case they proceeded, he would challenge Mr. Chilton to deadly combat.

The effect upon her gentle bosom was deeply wounding. “O! my poor infatuated brother!” said she, “we have truly much to fear from his wrath—he has ever moved upon my path as an ‘ill fating star,’ dooming me to frequent trials. Heaven forgive him!”

Mr. Chilton stood speechless, as if paralyzed by a death blow. The vainly suppressed tears of his beloved Martha—the agony depicted in the counte-

nances of her parents, together with the unjust and abusive epithets bestowed upon himself by *her* brother, almost deprived him of reason, and turning upon them one pitying look, he rushed from their presence and sought his own chamber, where he yielded to reflections of the most agonizing nature. "O! what a world is this! what baseness, what ingratitude—O! what cruelty it carries in its bosom—affection—*pure affection*—that tender plant, to be blighted in its bloom, its tendrils broken, trodden under foot, bleeding hearts—tears—tears!!" His mind became disordered—he paced the room, and taking up his Bible sought tranquillity from its pages. Unfortunately he opened at the 7th chapter of Job, and continued reading until he arrived at the 15th verse—"My soul chooseth strangling and death rather than my life. I loathe it," &c. He dropped the book—a dizziness seized his brain, and flying to his trunk he took from thence two handkerchiefs, which he connected by a knot—formed a noose, and ere returning reason came to his aid, had put it upon his neck, stepped upon a chair, fastened it to the top of the door and swung off. A few groans—a few struggles, and Loring Chilton, the amiable, the philanthropic, the much beloved, was *no more*.

In this situation he was discovered the next morning by a maid who was superintending the chambers. The alarm was instantly given, the church bells tolled, and the intelligence soon reached the ears of

Miss Sumner. She gave a violent scream, and rushed to the street, where, as her father and others were endeavoring to arrest her flight, a stage approached in which was seated George Sumner, with anger and revenge still red upon his cheek. He leaped from the carriage on beholding the strange scene, and joined in the pursuit. "Martha! Martha!" he exclaimed. She instantly stopped upon hearing the sound of *his* voice, and turning around fell upon her knees, exclaiming, "O God! forgive the murderer—*George you have killed him!* I am going to follow him—I shall find him at M——, sweet village of M——, and we shall yet be happy. *Happy*—yes, George, do not come there," and she sought again to fly.

Every effort to restore reason was in vain, and the unhappy victim of a brother's *error* was doomed to chains. The anguish of her parents was intense and overwhelming, while her brother, with a contrition never before equalled, knelt beside the corpse of his victim, and implored the forgiveness of Heaven for his crime. When he attempted to approach his sister, she loudly vociferated—" 'Twas he, 'twas he!—he holds the heart of my beloved Chilton in his hand—O! take him away! "

Thus was "Sumner Grove," the seat of joy and happiness, in a few short hours transformed to scenes of lamentation and woe. The wretched maniac was confined in one of its chambers, from whence the

sound of her delirious screams were daily heard, and the passing traveller not unfrequently rode up to the door to inquire the cause.

Conscience stricken, and truly penitent, the unhappy George, for the first time, overstepped the boundary line, and proceeded on a visit to the mourning parents of the unfortunate Loring Chilton. His reception, though not affectionate, was in a measure forgiving, and he strove by every means in his power to atone for a much lamented error. The Constitution of American Independence, which he had so maliciously reviled, he now felt himself inclined to revere, while the simplicity of republican manners and customs, he adopted with enthusiasm. "O!" said he, "why have I adhered to a government, the laws of which are so humiliating, when there was one within my reach which extended every privilege. Were but my unhappy sister restored, were but—" He stopped—a tributary tear followed.

Error may be truly repented, but cannot be recalled—it may be *forgiven*—yet memory ceases not to remind.

George returned to his now desolate home—desolate indeed—for in his absence, his father had sickened and died. Wishing to elude scenes that awakened continued regret, he sold the estate, and accompanied by his mother and insane sister, returned to the village of M——, where he purchased a seat and strove to render their few remaining days as pleasant

as possible. He still lives, in a state of celibacy, but surrounded by a large circle of friends, to whom by his sorrowful, yet manly demeanor, he has greatly endeared himself.

Reader ! dost thou possess uncontrollable passions ? reflect upon the fate of the unhappy inmates of " Sumner Grove," and should a tear for their woes bedew thy cheek, resolve to seek meekness and humility, wisdom and virtue, that thy latter days may be blessed with peace.

THE DELUDED.

HENRY MARVIN was the son of pious parents, who sought by precept and example to impress upon the minds of their children, that “the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” Henry possessed by nature a mild and amiable disposition. Though his spirits were buoyant, and inclining to gaiety, yet his judgment was rational and sound.

He had attained the age of twenty-one, without once deviating from the paths of rectitude, and without once inflicting upon the bosoms of his parents a pang. His character was unsullied by a spot, and to the circle in which he moved, he was greatly endeared. But though his bosom was the seat of every social virtue—though his morals had been “weighed in a balance, and found *not* wanting,” yet he was a

stranger to that grace divine, which teaches humility, self-abasement, and dependence on a Power Supreme. Being conscious of his integrity, he trusted in his own strength, and thus led upon the ocean of life, without that hope, "which is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast," he was led into a snare, from which he awaked only to behold his utter ruin.

As is common to most young men, who have lived secluded from the world—yet heard much of its pleasures, young Henry determined to go abroad, that he might feast his eyes upon those spots, to which on "Fancy's wing," he had often flown, and been regaled with ideal pleasures. He left the paternal roof. His aged parents had implored the protection of Heaven for their departing son, and his brothers had warned him to *beware of the tempter*.

He went to the town of M——, where he spent several weeks in viewing whatever curiosity came in his way. There he became acquainted with Charles Sanford, a young man of pleasing deportment, who succeeded in ingratiating himself into his confidence. With him he walked—with him he rode—and to him he imparted all the emotions of his heart.

—————"Deluded youth!

"Oh where was now thy strength, and where the arm

"To shield thee from deception's blighting touch."

Though Charles Sanford had an appearance of possessing virtue, it was only a mask to hide an uncommonly vicious and corrupted heart. While he was artfully acting the friend, and sedulously striving to gain the confidence of Henry Marvin, it was merely to win him to a participancy in crime.

One evening, as they were walking arm in arm, by the light of a full moon, Henry became pensive and sad. Thoughts of home—of friends—of fond associations, which he had deserted, came upon his mind. He regretted that he had wandered abroad, and felt that the world, instead of satisfying his anticipations, was but ruffling the hitherto tranquil springs of his bosom. “I will return,” he mentally exclaimed, when he was interrupted by Charles, who inquired, “Why do you appear so sad and desponding, my friend?” “I was thinking,” said Henry, “of *home*; of all that I have deserted, to exist among strangers, where, were it not for *you*, I should have no one with whom to commune, or to unfold my heart’s oppressive sensations.” “You must not yield to such oppressions as this,” said Charles; “am not I a stranger too, and as far from those who are equally as dear; and have not I trusted in you—and are we not like David and Jonathan of old, whose hearts were knit together in bonds of love and friendship? To give you a proof of the implicit confidence I place in you, I am going to impart a *secret*. You may be astonished—yet believe me,

if you acquiesce in my wishes, it will ultimately prove to your high advantage." Henry remained silent, and Charles, after some embarrassment, proceeded. "Only say that you will not betray me, and you shall be convinced that in what I am about to impart, I am actuated entirely by a wish for your advancement." Henry at length assured him that it was not in his nature to *betray*, where he was so deeply obligated; and Charles grasping his arm, proceeded to an obscure dwelling, and conducted his friend to a solitary garret, where his eye rested upon a human form. One hasty glance unfolded the secret—he was a *counterfeiter*, and in that dismal abode was executing his nefarious scrolls, while Charles, as a partner, went abroad to distribute them.

The conviction had an instantaneous effect upon the countenance of Henry, who retreated and would have fled, but Charles perceiving it, grasped his arm and urged him forward. "Do not be surprised," said he, "the scene may be novel to you, but I trust your good sense, after revolving the matter, will not style it a heinous crime. It is true the laws of our country have forbidden it, but nevertheless, the love of *gain* is implanted in every human bosom, and there are but few who hesitate to indulge in this natural propensity, provided they are secure from detection. The world is all a cheat—the lawyer cheats his client, the doctor cheats his patient, and the priest his reverencing flock. Yet all are looking to

a higher tribunal than this earth can produce for a mutual pardon and forgiveness. Two years I have followed this trade, in which time I have amassed a competence, yet has suspicion never rested upon me. I now make you the offer of equal partnership, provided you will share with me the toil of distribution."

Henry sank back into a seat, closed his eyes, and for a few moments seemed to be in a deep reverie. "If *he* has escaped *suspicion*, why may not I escape detection," he said to himself. "I will engage for a few weeks to supply my present exigencies, and then I will abandon it, and by a course of strict honor, heal the breach upon my own conscience."

He assented—he took the fatal roll—but alas! poor deluded Henry!—ere the twilight of the succeeding eve had thrown its dusky mantle upon those desecrated walls where he had listened to the "voice of the charmer" and *first* forsaken the paths of virtue, he was brought back a *prisoner*.

A court of inquiry was held, but he made no defence, for he was self convicted. In a few weeks he listened to his sentence—"seven years confinement at hard labor in the State's prison." This was too much for his sensibility to support, and he sunk senseless upon the floor. Every eye glistened with the tear of sympathy for this deluded and heart-stricken young man. But no Charles Sanford appeared to offer consolation in this trying hour—the

friend whom he had ruined, he also forsook, though his own safety was preserved by the fidelity of his victim.

Henry was conveyed to that dreaded abode, the State's prison, and when he entered and heard its massive portals close upon him, he felt as if eternally cut off from all human associations, and from all earthly hopes. "Oh my father! Oh my mother!" he exclaimed—it is I who am bringing your grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave. Why did I not listen to your faithful admonitions—why have I neglected to seek the blessing and protection of Heaven?—then—then I should not have been brought to *this*." He became the victim of intense melancholy. His physical powers yielded to grief, and in a short time he was extended upon his straw pallet, with no friend to administer a cordial, or to soothe the burning fever of his brain and wipe the cold sweat from his brow. But at length his mother arrived, and was introduced to the cell of her dying son. Language has no power to portray the affecting scene. Death had alrerdy set his mark upon his pallid features, yet upon seeing his mother, a smile once more partially illumed them, as she held him in an embrace. But sympathy came too late—the heart-strings were broken by sorrow. "Dearest mother," said he, "I see now how frail and dependent a creature is man. I left you trusting in my own strength, regardless of that Supreme Power

who upholds the mountains by His strength, or rives the earth as He will. I see how fallacious were my self-created hopes, and in this my dying hour, I forgive the author of my ruin, in consequence of the errors I have been brought to see, through his means, which enables me to put my trust in a crucified Redeemer, before whom I shall shortly appear.”

Thus closed the life of Henry Marvin. His remains were conveyed to the place of his nativity, where they were bedewed with bitter tears of grief, and interred beside his kindred ; where, upon a marble slab at his head, is the following inscription :—

S A C R E D

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY MARVIN.

Aged 22 years.

The memory of his error, is
Effaced by tears.

DE OLON.

THE authoress begs permission to transport the reader from New England to the plains and forest of Germany,—

Where titles rule, and passions rage,
And men in deadly strife engage.

On the confines of Germany and Austria, near those immense forests which cover the continuous mountains and adjacent country, lived the Baron de Olon—a powerful nobleman whose influence in the German confederation, was vast and decisive. Like others of his cotemporaries, he was possessed of a high spirit and a haughty demeanor, impatient of restraint, and overbearing in command.

In early life, he had married a daughter of the Duke of B——, an amiable and tender lady, possessing all those refinements incident to high birth, and superior education ; by whom, in the course of a few years, he found himself blessed with two sons—the elder being then twelve years old, and the younger advancing upon two.

As the little fair haired Edgar was one day performing his equestrian feats through the parlor, he approached the hearth, and making a misstep fell upon a hot iron, which afterwards healing, left upon his bosom a scar in the form of a cross, which by the numerous prognosticators who visited his father's castle was pronounced a favorable and very important omen. The child being of an easy and playful turn, was left one day alone in the little yard before the door, for its amusement, when Lady de Olon returning a few moments after to look to her charge, was greatly alarmed to find him missing. The alarm was instantly given, and the domestics sent in every direction, in search of the supposed wanderer—yet no trace of him could be discovered. The agony of the parents became intense beyond description, and immense sums of gold were offered to any who should restore their idolized child to their arms, with the addition of office and honors, yet it availed naught, and they were left to mourn his mysterious exit.

Near the dwelling of the Baron, lived a person by the name of Rudolph Pelozzi—a man of gigantic

form—whose ambitious soul was united with a savage disposition. Possessing a moderate fortune, he sought by the indulgence of his ambitious propensities to pull down the power of his superiors. Between him and the Baron, there had for many years existed a feeling of enmity, which took its rise from various little petty feuds, until it finally eventuated in a mutual and settled hatred. Fifteen years subsequently to the loss of his child, in consequence of some vague expressions that escaped the lips of Pelozzi, the Baron saw proper to prosecute him as an accessory to the murder, and though the charge could not be fully and substantially proved, yet such was the conviction left upon the minds of his judges, that the Baron procured his banishment from the kingdom. together with the confiscation of his property and effects. He complied with his sentence, while denunciations of *revenge* streamed from his lips, and a demoniac fire blazed from his eyes. The Baron did not long survive the banishment of his enemy, and his only remaining son was left to inherit his honors. This youth was possessed of a mild, affable disposition, in many respects entirely opposite to that of his deceased parent. Instead of that masculine spirit which led his father to conquer and trample on the rights of others, he yielded his peaceful disposition to the pleasures of the chase, and sought by amicably dispensing his invitations to the neighboring nobles,

to convince them of his friendly intentions, and determinations to infringe on the rights of no one.

Having one bright summer morning assembled a large party, he led the way to an adjoining forest for a chase, and was followed by his retinue in glittering arms, accompanied by their ardent hounds, whose deep cry, as they bounded forward, resounded with echoing peals thro' the branches of the forest trees to the surrounding hills. It was the prevailing custom in those days, when the game was abundant, for each hunter to follow his own favorite hound, and when distanced from his companions, to retrace his course by the sounding of horns. Philo, the Baron's favorite hound, soon started a large buck, and he made after him in swift pursuit. The animal turned suddenly the angle of a hill, took an opposite direction from those of his fold, pursued by others, and steered directly toward the borders of Austria. It was high noon ere they reached the stream—which, narrow, is nevertheless, the only divisionary line, at a certain place, between two important kingdoms—where, finding his steed still in high spirits, and considering the game almost within his grasp, he approached the bank, when to his utter astonishment, his horse stopped short and refused to proceed. He applied the spur to his gory side to no purpose, and quite exasperated by the animal's obstinacy, "Hunter," said he, "what evil trick is this you choose to play upon your master," at the same time beating

him over the head, "I hope thy brain hath not become infected with omens of ill to thy master; thou *shalt* proceed," and reining him up severely, the animal rushed suddenly into the stream, and neighing with frightful sound, made a few plunges, and stood on the opposite shore. The Baron stopped to listen to his dog, but the sound had died away, and in a few moments Philo returned whining and crouching to his master, under manifest feelings of disappointment and chagrin,—for in crossing the stream, the animal had gained, and darting into a thicket, poor Philo, in following, had become bewildered, and lost the scent, while the lucky hind fled to the mountains.

The Baron, disappointed of his game, began to look around, and presently saw that a storm was approaching. The sky was already overcast with dark portentous clouds, and Heaven's artillery was roaring on the distant horizon. Every appearance was indicative of a violent storm, and excited as his feelings had been for a few moments by the unusual manner of his horse, together with the unlucky termination of his chase, he could not overcome a secret dread of something, which crept with stealth upon his nerves. He sat a moment as if irresolute as to what course he should pursue, when casting his eye up the stream, he fancied he saw the shadow of a tenement, and upon a closer inspection, saw the turrets of a castle rising above the green foliage of the massy tree tops. "Ah! well, 'tis lucky," said he, "come Hunter, and

we'll try the hospitality of yonder mansion, which hiding itself in the forest, would seem to bespeak its owner as little disposed to exchange courtesies, or to open his gates to the votaries of a gay world." He turned his head in order to proceed, but the animal again proved refractory:—"If you refuse to go, I will leave you to brave the storm as you are," said he, and dismounting, tied him to a tree, and giving a whistle to Philo by way of invitation to accompany him, soon stood before the gate. A man was sitting near the entrance, when the Baron accosted him with, "Sire, a storm is approaching,—wilt thou condescend to favor a stranger with shelter till it is past?" "May be I will," answered a gruff voice—"walk in, if thou wilt." The sound lingered upon the Baron's ear, as he thought the voice was familiar, and scrutinizing the features from whence it proceeded, he recognized the dreaded outlaw, Pelozzi!

He entered, and seating himself on a bench, began to take observations of the room and its furniture. It was lined with coarse tapestry—on one side stood an antique, and half dislocated table, and in a corner stood a glittering fowling piece, while near it, upon the wall, hung suspended a sword. Opposite him, on the remains of a ruined sofa, sat his host, with his small, black and piercing eyes fixed with riveted gaze upon his own. The Baron felt an involuntary shudder, as he recoiled from the gaze, and saw him in the attitude of speaking. "If I am not mistaken," said

he, "the guest whom I have the honor to receive is the young Baron de Olon?" "The same," replied the Baron. "I am the outlaw, Rudolph Pelozzi, whose ruin and banishment were effected by the tyranny of *your father*! I have sworn revenge,—I have *vowed* it in the sight of heaven itself, and joy thrills through my heart's inmost recess for this favorable opportunity to effect it. I have long sought it, and never till now has my object been obtained. The blood of the son shall atone for the injuries of the father." "What!" said the Baron, "do you intend to murder, in cold blood, the guest who has innocently sought your mansion as a shelter from the storm?" "Thou camest not self-willed," he replied—that heaven who heard and approbated my vow, sent thee as a martyr to appease the vengeance that has so long boiled in my veins. As Pelozzi lives, so true shalt thou die by his hand." "I die not alone, perhaps," said the Baron, at the same time snatching a pistol from his bosom and pointing it at Pelozzi's breast—it missed fire, and he indignantly dashed it to the floor, while Pelozzi with a demoniac smile approached, and saying, "are you yet sure that I shall go with you?" and gave a shrill whistle, which almost instantly filled the room with armed men. The Baron was immediately surrounded, disarmed and bound. "The Baron de Olon, gentlemen," said Pelozzi—"my enemy, and yours; revenge shall"—At this moment a side door opened, and a youth of most prepossessing ap-

pearance entered, hesitatingly. "Father," said he, "who is this stranger whom you have in such loud words doomed to certain death?" "He is," said Pelozzi, "The son of my deadliest enemy and"—"But surely, dear father, the crime of the father must not injure the son;—what is his fate?" "In two days at farthest, when he has sufficiently felt the grasp of my power, his head shall fall from his body." "Then your son"—"Hold!—leave the room instantly!" said Pelozzi. The youth obeyed with trembling steps, but as he was about to close the door, cast upon the stranger a look, seemingly fraught with the purest of sympathy, and retired.

"Pelontho," said Pelozzi—"You shall be the executioner, and to you I commit the prisoner—if he escapes, your life shall pay the forfeit." "You know whom to trust," replied the bandit, as he rudely took the Baron by the arm to lead him to a dungeon. "Confine him in the executioner's room," said the chief. As they were passing to another apartment, Philo attempted to follow, but Pelozzi caught him, and dashing him back, "stop, hound," said he, "one dog is enough to sacrifice at once; get you hence, and carry the news of your master's fate to his clan!" and so saying turned him out.

The Baron as he entered the gloomy apartment, started, on beholding for his seat, a rude block, stained with human blood, upon which his own in all human probability was shortly to flow. The bandit soon left

him, locking the door with a double bolt, and stationed himself in the passage. The night closed in—the storm, which had lingered, now beat with violence against the dilapidated walls of the castle, and its very foundations seemed to shake, while the flashes of lightning, darting through the iron shutters, made visible the gloom of his desolate prison. But at length, shutting his eyes, he turned a deaf ear to the noisy elements without, while he yielded to a train of solemn reflections. His hours he viewed as certainly numbered—no chance for escape seemed possible—his mind flitted back to his home—his domestic fire-side, where he beheld his Celestina, with their little Edgar, and his widowed mother, sitting in a listening posture, anxiously waiting to catch the sound of his footsteps. The strange conduct of his horse next occupied his mind, and he viewed its instinctive powers almost certainly in some way capable of divination. The image of his faithful dog came also—and oh! thought he—will he return to his accustomed cell,—will he conduct some one to my rescue? Overcome with reflections like these, he at length fell into a broken slumber, and visions of various forms floated around his pillow. At one time he fancied an angel in form of the youth—whose feeling soul beamed in his retiring glance—approached and loosed the chains with which he was bound, and opening the prison doors, restored him to liberty. Thus he passed the first night and a part of the second day, with a mind

agitated by continual dread, alternately dreaming and waking, until he was suddenly aroused by the sound of horses' feet approaching the castle. The watchword was immediately sounded, and preparations for defence ensued. Pelozzi's voice was next heard, commanding Pelontho, that should the object of the approaching party be to relieve the prisoner, to strike his head immediately from his body.

The party, consisting of twenty armed men, rode up, and demanded to know if the Baron de Olon was in that Castle. Pelozzi, who met them, replied "No!" "Do not deceive us," replied the leader—"yonder, a few rods distant, we found his horse, and Philo, his favorite hound, has conducted us here." "Curse on the *dog*," muttered Pelozzi; and again the horsemen demanded to know if the Baron was in that castle. "If you discredit my assertion," said Pelozzi, "seek him at your peril." "That we will," replied the foremost—and as Pelozzi hastily closed and barred the door, they rushed against it, which soon yielded to their force; but there was yet a strong barricade behind it, where the bandits to the number of thirty, stood sword in hand to repel the assault—and such was the desperation with which they fought, that in a few moments, not one was left standing, save their chief, and he at last dropped through faintness from the loss of blood.

But we now return to our prisoner, who had overheard the command given to Pelontho to strike off

his head, &c. The ruffian approached and seizing his victim, attempted to drag him to the block ; a severe struggle ensued, and the Baron, encumbered with his chains, was forced at last to yield. Pelon-tho laid his head on the block, and placing his foot on his breast, raised high the ponderous axe, to sever his head at a blow—when, “ Hold ! ” cried a voice behind him. The executioner turned his head, and the next moment it laid on the floor. A blow from the person behind had cleft it from his body. The Baron raised his eyes, as if he expected to meet the realities of another world, and beheld the lovely form of the youth bending over him, who, with a trembling hand, released him from his chains, and gently raising him from the ground, requested him to follow. They proceeded immediately to the scene of slaughter, where the Baron instantly recognized his own friends and followers, and as he approached to give them welcome, his ear was saluted by the beastly voice of Pelozzi, saying, “ thank heaven, my enemy is beyond your reach.” “ Not yet,” replied the Baron. Pelozzi’s eyes flashed, and grasping his sword, attempted to rise, but the victors interfered, and he was soon placed in the same chains from which the Baron had been released.

The youth was now presented by the Baron to his friends as the preserver of his life : “ Yes,” said he, had it not been for his outstretched arm, your exertions must have been in vain, for I even now seem to

see the horrid axe as it gleamed over my head, and hear the blow which prostrated my adversary." The company now left the scene of carnage, and entered the hall, where a table of refreshments was standing in readiness to feast the bandits, before which they seated themselves and partook heartily, all save the youth, who seated by de Olon, refused to eat, and appeared deeply absorbed with painful reflections. "By what appellation shall we distinguish you?" said the Baron to the youth. "Gerardo," he replied, and remained silent. It was now concluded to remain at the castle that night, in order to dispose of the bodies of the slain; and mean time the Baron requested to be informed in what manner they procured a trace of his ill-fated course. "For this we are indebted to your faithful dog," was the reply. We had no serious apprehension on your account until near night-fall, when our horns were sounded in every direction, but to no purpose. We returned to the castle, and soon after, to our surprise, we saw Philo approaching unattended by his master. It was ten in the evening—of course we deemed it prudent to defer our search till the morning, and as soon as light was visible in the east, we mounted, and Philo, leaping and barking for joy, led the way to the forest. Knowing his attachment to you, we did not hesitate to follow his track, and on reaching the river, he stopped to see if we were disposed to follow, and instantly crossed, where, upon coming up with him, we

found him caressing your horse—who was there fastened to a bush.”

Morning at length approached, and found the Baron and his company still in the hall, nodding in their chairs, from which state they were aroused by Gerardo, and proceeded immediately to the interment of the dead. A pit being dug sufficiently large for the whole, they were thrown in one after another, until it was filled. For some moments, all were silent,—at length the Baron spoke, “My friends,” said he, “though these men by their dereliction from the paths of virtue and honor, have justly merited their doom, yet shall not we, whose hearts are endowed with feelings of philanthropy, award to them the “soldier’s farewell?” All gave their assent, and loading their pistols with blank cartridges, Pelozzi was brought out to witness the scene—when closing themselves around the grave, they fired in succession, and gave three cheers, while the soleran echo resounded from hill to hill, and died away in the distant forest. Tears trickled from Pelozzi’s cheeks, “I would to Heaven, my companions,” said he, “that I could rest with thee.” Gerardo was affected, and covering his face with his hands, turned from the scene.

The company was now soon in readiness to return. Pelozzi was mounted on a horse, with his hands bound, and the youth, not being considered a prisoner, rode beside the Baron, who felt himself peculiarly interested in the demeanor of his deliverer. They

rode some distance in silence, which was at last broken by Gerardo. "Baron," said he, "since the fierce rebuke my father gave me in your presence the other day, I have not dared to speak with him—yet words are inadequate to express the agony I feel to see him thus a prisoner. An ignominious death doubtless awaits him, and though I have for some months resolved on leaving him, yet my nature cannot endure to see him expire on the scaffold." The Baron smiled, as he replied—"my noble friend, he shall be pardoned for *your sake*, and you shall be my adopted brother, and share, conjointly, all my privileges and honors. Thus will I endeavor to atone for the injuries which my father may have entailed upon yours."

They had arrived near the castle; the news of their approach had preceded them, and the church bells were ringing, and every demonstration of lively joy was to be heard. Lady de Olon, accompanied by his mother and a numerous retinue, came out to meet him who, in imagination, they had consigned to another world. When the burst of feeling was past, the Baron taking Gerardo by the hand—"Behold, mother," said he, "the preserver of my life; let him henceforth supply the place of the lost Edgar!" "Ah! my son!" she replied, "you rekindle painful recollections! This youth can never supply the place of my lamented Edgar, but I will cherish him, for *your sake*,"—then looking earnestly at Gerardo—

“What does it mean!—do my eyes deceive me? surely, he very strongly resembles you, my son! Say you not so, Celestina?” “Certainly, yes,” she replied—“His hair and eyes are the same!” Gerardo smiled at the supposed compliment and was silent.

The Baron had determined on releasing his prisoner the following morning, and accompanied by Gerardo repaired at an early hour, to the place of his confinement. “Pelozzi!” said the Baron, “the part you have acted, as it regards myself, is unmanly and brutish. The laws both of God and man, would justify me in putting you to death,—yet for the sake of your son, who has generously saved my life, I give you pardon, and set you free on condition that you flee immediately to distant dominions, and give me your promise never again to set your foot on Germany’s soil—and to remember, in your future intercourse with fellow mortals, the mercy I now extend to you.” “My thanks for your lenity,” Pelozzi replied, “I may yet live to —— no matter”—“Not to *revenge* I hope,” said the Baron, and rising with Gerardo, left the room. Soon after he sent a domestic to conduct the prisoner to the court yard, where upon entering, he beheld Gerardo sitting beside de Olon, awaiting his approach. “My son!” said Pelozzi, “wilt thou accompany thy wretched father?” “No, father—Gerardo would choose a different profession from that which you have labored to instruct

him in—yet I trust we shall meet again.” “Never!” said Pelozzi—“If we part, let me embrace you, and then—farewell.” Gerardo arose and threw his arms around his father’s neck in an affectionate embrace. At that instant Pelozzi drew a concealed dagger, and made a sudden thrust at his breast, which the Baron discovering, instantly caught his arm, and thus ward-ed the blow, which fortunately preserved Gerardo’s life—then drawing his own sword, “Perjured villain! wretch!” said he, “another attempt like this, and you shall feel my sword in your vile heart’s core!” “I fear it not,” said Pelozzi, “while revenge thus eludes my efforts,—still my blood boils,” and raising high the dagger, which he still grasped, plunged it deep into his own bosom, fell, and instantly expired. “Oh my father!” said Gerardo, and fainted. He was carried immediately into the castle, and a physician procured, who thought it advisable to open a vein. The Baron’s mother, in attempting to remove his vesture, for the purpose, discovered upon his neck a scar, resembling a cross. “Gracious Heavens!” she exclaimed—“observe that scar, precisely like the one which marked the neck of my lost Edgar.” The Baron looked at his mother in amazement, and became speechless from emotion. Gerardo slowly recovered. “How came you by that scar on your neck?” said lady de Olon. “I cannot tell,” he replied, “it occurred before my remembrance—but my god-mother said it was the effect of a burn.”

“Who was your god-mother?” A blush suffused his cheek as he replied,—“Though I shall by satisfying your demand, inform you of the lowness of my origin, yet I deem it a pleasure to oblige my benefactors. I was brought up from infancy among a class of people who were designated as Gypsies. My god-mother’s name was Salina Agnessaus, with whom I lived from earliest remembrance, till seventeen years of age—when I was introduced to my father, the ill fated Rudolph Pelozzi—who, it was said, had just returned from a foreign country. I was for some time very shy of him, doubting his right to call me son, as I had never before heard him named. But my apprehensions were at length satisfied, by their assurance that they had long supposed him dead. My father”—at that instant a servant entered and said an old woman stood at the gate and earnestly desired an immediate interview with the Baron and his mother—stating that she had news of the utmost importance to communicate. “Admit her and conduct her to the audience chamber,” said the Barón. He soon returned, followed by a singular figure, who making low obeisance, seated herself in a chair, by the entrance. “Who are you?” said the Baron, “and what can be your business with us?” She arose and approaching the Lady de Olon, fell on her knees, exclaiming—“Oh forgive!—forgive!—no—I must not ask pardon of those whom I have so deeply injured.” “Injured?” said the Baron,—

“we know of no injury you have done us!” “Oh that I could make atonement!—you know not what a viper I am—behold then the wretch who robbed a mother of her darling child! Salina Agnessaus is before you! Prompted by a spirit, yet more evil than my own, I was induced to deprive you of the lovely flower, around which I knew your hopes and affections were twined.” “Is it possible!” said Lady de Olon, “that you knew the fate of my child? and does he yet live?” “He *does*—but allow me to proceed. You cannot have forgotten the enmity which existed so long between your husband, the Baron de Olon, and Rudolph Pelozzi. He, with fiend-like disposition, sought revenge in the deprivation of your child, the little Edgar. With promises of reward, I was induced to get possession of the child, which I effected in the following manner. Passing one morning, I observed him playing in the yard, and snatching him up, I suffocated his cries with my apron, and hurried to the nearest wood, where I rejoined my companions, and according to Pelozzi’s directions wandered to a distance. Having heard of the immense reward offered for his return, I was on the point of accepting it, but was deterred by his threats and renewed offers. From that hour I was doomed to harbor a guilty conscience. I looked at the charms of the noble child, and would fain have blessed his parents by presenting him to their arms, yet was deterred by a fear of Pelozzi’s well known

disposition to revenge. In this way passed fifteen years of my life, when Pelozzi suddenly reappeared among us. He seemed sullen and dejected, and related to us the story of his banishment, together with his future plans. His future life, he said, should be devoted entirely to the object of obtaining revenge on the de Olon family—that he purposed joining a society of banditti, to whom he would introduce Gerardo, (the name I had given the boy,) which was to be his future profession. In a short time, he departed with Gerardo for an old castle on the confines of Austria, where they still reside and——“Gracious heavens!” exclaimed the Baroness——“it is our lost Edgar!” “I think it must be him,” said her son, “for the coincidences are striking.” “Pelozzi,” said the Baron, “lies dead, in a corner of my courtyard, where he fell by his own hand.” “Heaven be praised, that justice has at last overtaken him!” said the woman, “but Gerardo”——“is in this castle,” said his mother, “and alive!”——“*He is!*”——“Oh that I could once more behold his face and receive his forgiveness! then would I die in peace.” “I will conduct you to him—follow me,” said the Baron. On entering the apartment, Gerardo raised his eyes, and they fell upon the well known features of his god-mother. He sprang forward, exclaiming, “what can have brought you hither, Salina Agnessaus?” “To ask your forgiveness, and *die!*” said she,——“Oh forgive, if you can, the vile woman, whom your

tender lips were taught to call mother ! but who in reality was the monster who deprived you of riches, honors and happiness ! ” “ If you have wronged me, Salina, I know it not,” he replied—“ but a grateful sense of your tender attentions to me in childhood, still animates my bosom with affectionate regard.” “ Hear me,” she said, “ while I declare in presence of all these witnesses, that you are not Gerardo, but Edgar, the true and lawful son of the deceased Baron de Olon, and this his injured lady.” Lady de Olon could contain her emotions no longer, but rushing forward, fell on the neck of her son, exclaiming—“ My Edgar ! my long lost Edgar ! thou art again restored, and joy and peace shall once more revisit the bosom of thy widowed mother ! ”

Overcome by intensity of feeling, Edgar wept profusely, and gently raising his mother, he assured her of his happiness by this mysterious developement, together with his filial regards. A cordial and happy embrace followed between the Baron and his acknowledged brother, and co-heir, which extended to his *Celestina*, and the little smiling namesake, who climbed the knee of his strange uncle, to solicit affection’s kiss. Joy rang through every apartment of the castle, and Lords and Ladies assembled to offer their congratulation. Illuminations followed, and never perhaps, did joy, so pure, so unalloyed, rise from the dark, the mysterious depths of adversity, as that which resounded at DE OLON CASTLE.



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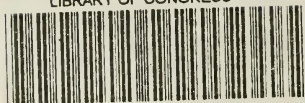


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